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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,  
Volume LXXI. }

No. 2402.— July 12, 1890.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CLXXXVI.

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## CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT knocked at a poet's heart;  
 The poet gave an impatient start,  
 To see such a stranger there.  
 Infinite longings, beautiful dreams,  
 Wonderful thoughts on numberless themes,  
 Metaphors rich and rare,  
 Sensitive sentiments morbidly sad,  
 Exquisite raptures, hopes half mad,  
 For these there was plenty of room to spare,  
 But none for Contentment anywhere.

She next approached a philosopher's soul;  
 The sage put down some mystical scroll,  
 And a vexed look crossed his face.  
 Whether the will is bound or free,  
 Whether there was an eternity,  
 Whether all matter and space  
 Only exist as part of the mind,  
 These and more of a similar kind,  
 Were secrets long he had sought to trace;  
 Till found, Contentment could have no  
 place.

She went to the house of a millionaire,  
 But the poor rich man was full of care,  
 And begged of her not to stay.  
 One who had only lived for fame,  
 Sighing at last for a loftier aim,  
 Told her to go away.  
 Those who had most of wealth and ease  
 Always appeared the hardest to please;  
 And even the people who seemed most gay  
 Asked her to call another day.

At length she entered a peasant's breast;  
 The poor man gladly received his guest  
 As an angel passing by.  
 Proud of his garden, pleased with his cot,  
 Plain though his fare and humble his lot,  
 Gratitude beamed from his eye.  
 Peacefully here she hoped to remain;  
 But soon she heard the peasant complain  
 Of some small trouble, and then with a sigh  
 Contentment left earth and flew to the sky.  
 J. T. CHAPMAN.

## "ALTRUISM."

WE may not all attain the promised land  
 That youth holds as its rightful heritage,  
 Manhood still craves, and disappointed age  
 Dreams of, yet hopes no longer there to stand.  
 The lawgiver of old, at whose command  
 Forth from the rock the longed-for water sped  
 (As he through arid wastes God's Israel led),  
 Who failed to own in this his Maker's hand,  
 Saw from the mountain heights by Jordan's  
 wave

That land outstretching to the distant main.  
 He knew those erring ones were come at  
 last  
 To rest and plenty, all their wand'rings  
 past,  
 And scanned but from afar the fertile plain  
 Ere angels laid him in his unknown grave.  
 Spectator.

ALICE FARRER.

## THE BLACKBIRD: A SPRING SONG.

As I went up a woodland walk  
 In Taunton Dene,  
 When May was green —  
 I heard a bird so blithely talk  
 The twinkling sprays between,  
 That I stood still,  
 With right good will,  
 To learn what he might mean.

No yellow-horned honeysuckle  
 Hath e'er distilled  
 The sweets he spilled  
 In one long, dulcet, dewy chuckle —  
 That blackbird golden-billed —  
 Ay piping plain,  
 "Hope, hope again!" —  
 Till my heart's grief he stilled.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

The Orchard, Taunton.

Spectator.

## FLOS FLORUM.

ONE only rose our village maiden wore;  
 Upon her breast she wore it, in that part  
 Where many a throbbing pulse doth heave  
 and start

At the mere thought of Love and his sweet  
 lore.

No polish'd gems hath she, no moulded ore,  
 Nor any other masterpiece of art;  
 She hath but Nature's masterpiece, her  
 heart;

And that show'd ruddy as the rose she bore.

Because that he, who sought for steadfastness  
 Vainly in other maids, had found it bare  
 Under the eyelids of this maiden fair,  
 Under the folds of her most simple dress.  
 She let him find it; for she loved him too  
 As he loved her: and all this tale is true.  
 Academy M.

## TRUTH.

MEN's minds are like a polished shield for both  
 Have convex sides, where truth and right re-  
 main;

And concave ones, where all things mirror  
 false;

And yet the world without is just the same.

One says the universe is full of care;

Another says the world is bright and fair.

One speaks of Nature ravaging for blood;

Another calls her merciful and good.

But Nature's self, in spite of praise or blame,  
 Stops where she was, and does her work the  
 same.

Yet both speak truth. It is not they have  
 lied —

One sees the concave, one the convex side  
 Of this world's mirror. Who is wrong, who  
 right,

Is tested in a sphere outlying human sight.

E. E. READER.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
JAMAICA.

THE Jamaica of to-day is, to most people in England, only a familiar name which does not convey any very distinct idea. We believe it may safely be asserted that, outside the comparatively small number of persons who have, by force of circumstances, either political or commercial acquaintance with the island, the general impression about this, nearly our oldest colony, is that it is a place where sugar, rum, and ginger are produced; that it was once a centre of considerable wealth; but that, since the emancipation of the slaves, it has fallen into its decadence, and is now only sufficiently prosperous to give a certain amount of patronage to the Colonial Office, and to maintain a certain number of planters in a condition little removed from bankruptcy. It is high time that the British public awoke to the knowledge what an important possession of England this grand island really is; that they should recall the great deeds, and the expenditure of blood and treasure, of which it is a monument; and that they should realize clearly what an amount of undeveloped wealth it contains, what a luxuriance of natural beauties it can boast, what an opening it presents for the employment of energy and capital, and how, if that energy and capital are not forthcoming from the mother country, they will certainly come from other sources, and another people will pick up and polish the jewel which England treats so lightly.

Jamaica had its long period of royster-ing wealth and plenty, from the days of the old buccaneers, who poured into its ports the riches of the Spanish Main, to the days when to own a sugar-plantation was synonymous with holding a princely fortune. Circumstances changed. Wealth was only in modern days to be gained by peaceful commerce. The labor supply was deranged, and the staple products of the island began to meet with keen competition in the world's market. It became a sadly altered Jamaica. Capital was conspicuous by its absence. The prosperous race of planter princes had died out, and with them the European population had alarmingly diminished, while the thriftless

and unenterprising negroes had increased and multiplied. Much of the land that had been under profitable cultivation had lapsed into jungle, and there was a general feeling of depression and gloom about the future.

But though at one time many people lost heart, though many fortunes sank under the wave of adverse circumstances, there still always remained some stout hearts who battled, with more or less success, against many drawbacks; who thought that all was not lost, and that there might be a happy and prosperous future in store. In our own day the feeling of confidence is gradually gaining ground, and it will not be the fault of Jamaicans themselves if their island does not again assert itself before the world. They have recognized that

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways. —

and they are manfully making the best of new conditions. They are determined to give a fair opportunity of judging what are the capabilities of their land, and, to this end, they have invited the world to an industrial exhibition to be held near Kingston during next winter. The results of past efforts will then be visible, and people will be able to see for themselves whether it is worth their while to join in the struggles for the future, and what are the prizes by which these struggles will probably be rewarded.

It may be *apropos* to transcribe a few notes made in a recent visit to Jamaica, which may serve to throw some light on parts of a subject which is so much in the dark to many Englishmen.

And first with regard to the island itself and its climate. There is an old story, which *se non e vero, e ben trovato*, that Columbus, when asked by Isabella of Spain for a description of Jamaica, answered by crumpling up a piece of paper in his hand and showing it to the queen. Truly the illustration was apt. It is a country of the most varied and striking scenery. Lofty mountain and wide savannah, rugged cliff, sparkling stream, picturesque gorge, all clothed in the most redundant and lovely tropical vegetation, are found in its space of four thousand

square miles, girt by the blue Caribbean Sea. The highest peak of the Blue Mountains, part of the great range which traverses the island, is more than seven thousand feet high, and between that height and the sea-level man may select almost any altitude in which it pleases him to dwell and till the teeming earth. The mean highest temperature, even at Kingston, certainly the hottest town in the island, is only 83°, while the lowest is 70°, and this naturally falls everywhere, according to the rise of the ground. Then the heat is always tempered by a cool and refreshing breeze. The island in fact *breathes*. During the night a constant land-wind is playing, while during the day the sea-breeze known as the "doctor" rushes in and drives miasma away before it. There are occasional outbreaks of sickness in some of the coast towns, and people who neglect ordinary precautions may suffer in the low-lying districts from the fever common to all tropical countries. But the advance of sanitary knowledge and greater prudence in systems of life have altogether stamped out the great epidemics which used to ravage the land, and which have left a gloomy mark upon its history. In cases of illness also, when change of air is necessary, from the broken character of the island, everything that can be desired may be found within a journey of a very few miles. The best testimony to the general salubrity of Jamaica is to be found in the health and strength of the many Europeans who have made it their home for a lifetime, and have there brought up families strong and well-grown as themselves. There is no lack of medical evidence to speak to the good qualities of the climate in benefiting the weak chests, unsound lungs, and throat complaints from which the inhabitants of northern countries so frequently suffer. And this has been recognized by our American cousins, of whom numbers are now flocking to Jamaica as a sanitarium to escape the bitter cold of their own winter, and numbers more have announced their intention of doing the same as soon as the rapidly increasing hotel accommodation is sufficiently advanced to provide for them.

Jamaica is not, as far as we know at present, a land of much mineral wealth (though iron, copper, lead, manganese, and cobalt have been found and worked to some extent). It still must depend for prosperity on the products of the soil, and the owners and tillers of the land are its most important inhabitants.

The position of the landholder in the island is not by any means so bad as most people believe. The days have certainly passed when it could be said that every plantation maintained three carriages and pair — one for the owner at home, one for the managing attorney in the island, and one for the overseer; but even under modern conditions of competition in the market, the labor difficulties, and the much-execrated sugar bounties, the owner of an unencumbered estate has no great reason to complain. If his condition is compared with that of landholders at home, or indeed of agricultural landholders in any part of the world, he is exceptionally favorably situated. Undoubtedly the absentee proprietor, knowing little or nothing of the work done on his property, and forced to rely on the management of an agent who must be liberally paid, cannot reap the profits of old days; and the moneyless planter, who is obliged to borrow at large interest from his merchants for the necessary working expenses, may find that he does not advance rapidly to fortune, — but the actual profits made by the estates are far from small, and whenever energy, industry, and sufficient capital meet in their working, they are very handsome indeed.

The properties in the island are gradually passing from the ownership of absentee proprietors, and are falling into the hands of merchants and others living in Jamaica, and personally looking after their own affairs. Under the absentee proprietors the methods of working the estates were often in the worst sense conservative. Improved modern processes were not adopted, new outlets for trade were not sought, and new forms of cultivation were looked upon coldly; and this was only to be expected, when the manager had no direct interest in progress, and the proprietor was content to be buoyed up with

false and ill-founded hopes that the old profitable conditions of the dead past might possibly recur. Now, under the more frequent personal supervision of owners, new developments in machinery and farm stock are eagerly taken up, more thorough and systematic cultivation is carried out, every market is taken advantage of, and the general produce of the island is greatly increased.

Now, as heretofore, the most important agricultural produce of Jamaica, as far as the outside world is concerned, is the cane, and sugar and rum are the largest exports. In most districts in the island the eye is at once attracted by the stretches of emerald green cane-pieces, and, in the centre of each estate, by the tall chimney of the *ingenio* where the crop is crushed, the juice is operated on, and the refuse of one manufacture forms the basis of another. The halcyon days of the sugar industry are past, and the profits of old times may never be reaped again; but even under present conditions the sugarcane crop pays well, and capital coupled with energy and industry have, as we said above, no reason to be dissatisfied with the result of their efforts.

But canes are not the only produce of Jamaica, and many other varieties of most profitable cultivation are becoming more and more known, and are only asking for development. Coffee, ginger, cacao, and tobacco are being grown in increasing quantities, and yield crops which take a high place in the market, fetching most remunerative prices, and cinchona and tea are among the possibilities of the immediate future, respectively demanding only an improved process of manufacture and more easily available labor. The great varieties of height above the sea-level to be found in most parts of the island give varieties of temperature suited to every kind of crop, and, in the same district, often in the same estate, tropical and sub-tropical vegetation flourish within a short distance of each other.

The universal use of bullocks for the heavy draught on plantations and elsewhere demands a large supply of stock, independent of what is required for food purposes, and these are all bred in the

large cattle estates, called locally "pens," and form a most important and profitable branch of farming enterprise. Even in the days told of by Michael Scott in the "Cruise of the Midge," "the beauty and prosperity of St. Ann's, the principal grazing parish in Jamaica," are described: "The whole district was a sea of gently undulating hill and valley, covered with the most luxuriant waving Guinea-grass. . . . The herds of cattle that browsed all round us, whether as to breed or condition, would have done credit to the first grazing county in England."

The old white-faced Creole cattle appear to be the foundation of all the island stock, but many first-rate animals have been imported from Europe, and the crosses have been very successful. Herefords and shorthorns have been the favorites, and their progeny may be recognized in every roadside pasture. For draught purposes the best cross has been found, in the Mysore Zebu cattle, which have been imported to the West Indies by the emigrant ships bringing coolies; and the estate which first utilized this strain of blood has found it a most paying speculation, as the offspring command a much higher price than that of any other breed. The only drawback to the animals of Mysore blood is that they do not fatten well, and are no use for the butcher after they have done their plantation work.

But of all sources of gain in Jamaica the easiest and apparently the most profitable, whether pursued on a large or small scale, is the new trade in fruit with the United States, which the possibilities of rapid transport now afforded by steam communication have opened up within the last few years.

The great American cities demand immense quantities of oranges and bananas, and these can be provided in our West Indian islands of a finer quality and at less expense than anywhere else. The Jamaica oranges especially ought always, in any quantity, to command a most profitable market. Florida has in recent days tempted many people to invest money in orange groves; and it certainly appears curious, to say the least, that capital and energy have gone there for that purpose,

when an English colony of superior capabilities in every way has been neglected. Let us quote the opinion of Mr. Fawcett, the director of public gardens and plantations in Jamaica. He says :—

Jamaica oranges ought to be able to hold their own anywhere against those from Florida; they are finer fruit, and grown at less expense. Land in Jamaica is abundant and cheap, and the soil is fertile. In Florida the soil is sandy and poor, so that high manuring and a great amount of tillage is absolutely necessary; frost has often a prejudicial effect, which we quite escape. Our oranges are all produced from self-grown seedlings, whereas in Florida it is considered advisable to bud or graft. The fact that budding is practised in Florida has led many to suppose that there is some inherent advantage in the process; but the fact is that the plantations in India, in the Azores, and in the Mediterranean region are from seedlings.

Although much of the present production of fruit in Jamaica is from comparatively large estates, a great deal of it comes from small holdings of two and three acres each, belonging to negro proprietors. This is an increasing class in the island, and these men find that growing fruit for the foreign market pays them very well. The big shippers employ agents, who buy the produce and forward it to the seaports for shipment, so the grower has no anxiety or trouble beyond the cultivation of his plot of land, and this, from the fertility of the soil and the beneficence of the climate, is reduced to the utmost possible minimum.

The mention of the negro leads us to the consideration of the labor question in Jamaica, and the general character of the black race, which forms by far the larger proportion of the population of the colony. The negroes have had their enthusiastic admirers and advocates, and have equally had their failings and weaknesses unsparingly pointed out by adverse critics. The truth, of course, lies between the two extremes of opinion. The facility of acquiring education, and the stimulus of European supervision and encouragement, have had the effect of producing many black and colored men who have qualified for the practice of the learned professions, and of these a proportion have shown real ability, and are leading distinguished and useful careers. But it is not with these exceptional men that we have to do at present, but with the masses who fill the country villages, and to whom each employer of labor has to look to furnish recruits for the army of toilers in field and manufactory.

Let us begin by saying that we believe that the faults of the negro, at any rate in Jamaica, are in great measure the natural result of his conditions of existence. The absolute requirements of every human being are there so easily supplied that when a man has, as is the case with almost all individuals of the negro race, no personal ambition, which stimulates him to improve his position, either for his own sake or that of his children, there is little wonder if steady and continuous hard work is peculiarly distasteful, and special effort is hardly ever heard of. Sufficient house shelter is very easily provided; the climate is so genial that clothing, except for decency or ornament, may be of the lightest and least expensive description; and, as we mentioned above, the fertile soil yields food supplies to the very minimum of exertion.

The negroes in general, though they have a large enough share of natural quickness, have, *as a race*, only the intelligence of children, and their failings are the failings of children. They are quick enough to look after their immediate personal interests, but their mutual jealousy makes them unable to combine for a settled purpose. They do not commit great crimes, but they are inveterate pilferers, and have little regard for truth. Legislative enactments have made them responsible men and women. They have the full privileges of men and women, and philanthropists have impressed upon them that they are in every way the equals of the white race.

And yet, how could it reasonably be expected that, in the course of the very short period which has elapsed since slavery was abolished, this *negro race*, which started from the lowest physical and mental degradation, should, almost by itself, have developed its intelligence and its *morale, as a race*, beyond that of forward children? There might have been such a reasonable expectation if there had been a larger white population in Jamaica, and the negroes had been generally mixed with it in every-day affairs; but the negroes outnumber the whites more than thirty-fold, they of necessity live altogether by themselves, and there have been no special circumstances to favor the strengthening of the mental fibre of the race.

But if the negro has the failings of a child, he has also many of the good qualities of childhood. He is impressionable, and easily led; and if he meets with right leading and consideration, he is by no



means an unsatisfactory man to deal with. His affections are easily engaged, and he generally has a great fund of kindly feeling for those with whom his lot in life is cast. He may not like hard work, but he can, with good management, be induced to perform it; and when his considerable muscular strength and fair aptitude for handicrafts are borne in mind, he at any rate suffers little in comparison with the European laborer, with his socialistic views and his determination to give as little work for as large a wage as is permitted by surrounding circumstances. At one time the supply of labor in Jamaica was added to by the importation of coolies from India; but this has ceased for some years, and there are now only about five thousand coolies in the island. Many people would be very glad to see the supply of coolie labor renewed, as the East Indians are steadier workers, more thrifty in their lives, and less slovenly in mind and manners than the negroes. It is impossible to form a judgment upon the comparative value of the two races from Jamaica experience; but the experience of the other West-Indian colonies certainly points to the fact that the coolies, as a race, are at present showing the likelihood of being a more really increasingly prosperous and improving population than the negroes. Without going into the various reasons which may be adduced for this opinion, it may be sufficient in support of it to refer to Trinidad and the colonies on the Main, where the coolies who do not return to India with their accumulated savings are known to amass considerable means, to be able to establish themselves in very good positions after their five years of indentured service are expired, and to take a large part in the general laboring and shopkeeping interests of their respective colonies. As an extreme example of the extent to which these originally pauper emigrants prosper, and adopt not only the business but the amusements of advanced communities, it may be noted that they join in horse-racing, and that the best and most successful race-horse in Trinidad has been owned by a coolie. Their race also unquestionably improves physically to a great extent under the conditions of life in the West Indies, while many people are, rightly or wrongly, of opinion that the negroes have deteriorated from the physical type of their progenitors who came from Africa.

Mention must not be omitted of the superstition which is so marked a feature of the negro character. Under English

rule this, of course, does not lead to the fearful condition of things which is detailed with so much force in Sir Spencer St. John's work on the black republic of Haiti; but Obeah and the belief in ghosts and duppies still retain all their power. The Obeah man or woman is still resorted to in cases of sickness, and will prescribe simples and give charms to remove disease. Sometimes a pretence is made of removing a lizard or some other animal from the patient's body. The Obeah-man is resorted to also if one person has an ill-will against another. Various "medicines" may be given to bring harm to the person whom it is desired to injure; but this-Obeah, pure and simple, only does harm by affecting the imagination, and the negro who believes that Obeah has been worked against him often pines away from sheer fright. It is more than rumored, however, that the final resource of the Obeah practitioner may not unfrequently be poison. Obeah is forbidden by the law, and punished, but those who practise it keep their identity concealed from the white man, and are not easily detected.

One or two legends and customs may be cited as examples of the beliefs which are rife among country negroes, and which influence them in many ways, making them especially loath to move about outside their houses after nightfall.

On one of the estates in Jamaica there is a large pond, sleeping under the shade of bamboos and jungle trees, which the negroes believe is haunted by a mermaid, who is to be seen occasionally combing her hair and polishing a golden table. It is not recorded whether the mermaid is black! They tell the tale of a former proprietor of the estate who wanted to drain the pond, and cut a deep trench for the purpose. The water gathered and hung over the trench, but refused to flow down it, presumably by the influence of the mermaid, who did not wish her stronghold to be disturbed.

An apparition, which is common to the whole island, is "the rolling calf," an object which the negro thinks he may encounter in his path. Its shapeless form first appears quite small, but gradually increases in size till it looms as big as an elephant. A clanking chain is round it. If the man who sees it does not give way, but keeps his eyes firmly and boldly fixed on it, he disappears; but if he shuts his eyes or turns away, it will eat him up. This probably gives the negro the opportunity of boasting of his superior courage

in facing the apparition, as there is no record of one having been so eaten up.

Then the duppy (manes of the departed) receives constant respect and consideration. Everybody will remember the ludicrous account of a negro funeral in "Tom Cringle's Log," and the manner in which the tastes of the duppy were consulted, and the same superstitions which are there alluded to are equally to be recognized in our own day. We ourselves have seen an old man invited to have a drink of "main-sheet" (Jamaican for a cool and seductive mixture of rum and water), and after consuming the greater part of it, he poured the remainder on the ground as a libation to duppy.

The visitor from the old country to Jamaica believes, of course, that, as English is the language of the colony, and is the only tongue spoken by men and women of all colors, he will find intercourse easy, and understand everything that he hears said. This is hardly the case, however. If you address a black man, he will probably comprehend your meaning, and will answer in a more or less intelligible manner. But if the visitor finds himself in the middle of a crowd of negroes, he will find it hard to believe that the people whom he hears chattering round him are speaking English. The intonation, idiom, and form of sentences differ absolutely from anything that has ever been heard before, and preconceived ideas which have been picked up from Christy minstrels as to negro colloquialisms are very rudely upset. It almost seems as if the tongue of the mother country was lapsing into an African dialect, consisting mainly of a most unmusical clatter, assisted by profuse gesticulation. No written idea, of course, can be given of the negro's intonation, but the equivalents of two common English proverbs may be interesting as examples of his speech, though they have little of its more exaggerated characteristics: "Cuss-cuss no bore hole in a you 'kin;" "Ratta cunny, so when puss gone, him make merry."

To any one who would acquaint himself with negro ways, folk-lore, and forms of speech, we could suggest no more instructive study than a very charming little book by Mrs. Milne-Home, which has just been published: "Mamma's Black Nurse Stories."\* In it Mrs. Milne-Home has done for the Jamaica black man what, in "Uncle Remus," was done for the

American plantation negro, and no higher praise can be given to her than to say that her little work is as perfect in its way as its American prototype. It is fortunate that an authoress who wields so graphic a pen and possesses so much industry, has been found to preserve a class of legends and folk-lore which, as she tells us and we well know from personal experience, can only, in these days of education and the strong opposition of all clergy to anything savoring of superstition, be gathered with the greatest patience and difficulty. The character of a people is in some degree the reflex of its folk-lore, and in "Mamma's Black Nurse Stories" we regain a familiarity with many of the real thoughts and ideas of the negro race which could only otherwise be acquired in years of personal contact and intercourse.

Mrs. Milne-Home teaches us, among other things, that many of the negro's legends must share a common origin with those of the most civilized nations of Europe, and in so far leads us to the conviction that more sympathy is due to him as a man and a brother than some people are inclined to allow.

While so many natural advantages are found in Jamaica which contribute to make life delightful — balmy climate, lovely vegetation, and magnificent scenery in field, forest, and stream — it suffers from one grievous plague, which unquestionably is everywhere an *amari aliquid*. Fortunately it is open to demonstration that this is only an accidental circumstance, the development of a limited number of years, and that the methods of mitigating it are understood, and likely to be carried out before very long. This plague is the presence of ticks, with which the vegetation of the whole country, except at the higher altitudes, is infested. These tiny pests hang in swarms on the blades of grass, on the leaves and branches of trees, on the most graceful ferns, and on every green thing. The lady who brushes her skirt against the verdure on the roadside, the planter who is superintending the work on his estate, equally with the negro laborer in the cane-pieces or on the stock-farm, are liable to be practically covered with ticks at any minute. Of course, people who are able to do so take every precaution to keep clear of their attacks, and this may always be managed with more or less success; but they are an ever-present source of worry and annoyance, and even if whole battalions can be avoided, no care can prevent the occasional inroad of single spies. And a tick,

\* Mamma's Black Nurse Stories: West Indian Folk-lore. By Mary Pamela Milne-Home. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

though only the size of a pin's head, is no despicable assailant. He crawls, he bites, he burrows under the skin if he has time and opportunity, and if he and his companions have a fair chance of working their wicked will the result of the wounds which they inflict may be very disagreeable, and, in some cases, almost dangerous inflammation. Independently of the nuisance which they are to human beings, they cause serious mischief on the stock-farms. Besides pervading and irritating the outer cuticle of each individual of the herds, the cattle, and especially the calves, take them into their mouths while grazing. Then they burrow under the skin of the tongue, palate, and air-passages, forming lumps and sores, which, of course, destroy condition, and, if not carefully attended to, eventually choke the animal. In some pastures their presence is so marked that cattle are known to refuse to go in willingly to graze, but have to be exceptionally forced to enter feeding-grounds where so much pain and discomfort await them.

It is supposed that ticks first made their way to the island on cattle imported from the Spanish Main; but though they have been long more or less known, it is only in comparatively recent times that they have thrust themselves into a bad notoriety. The direct cause of their increase is the gradual disappearance of their natural enemies, which, if they did not exterminate the tiny parasites, at least kept them within reasonable limit. The first of these enemies were the bird tribes. Today, one of the first things that strikes a visitor is the remarkable absence of the bird life, which forms such a distinctive feature in most tropical countries. In some districts especially, one may travel for miles and scarcely see a dozen of the small birds, who naturally feed on insects, and whose gyrations and manoeuvres in pursuit of their prey give so much animation to any landscape. And for this want in Jamaica we fear we cannot acquit the fashionable ladies in England from a certain share of responsibility. In the days when humming-birds and others formed a favorite female adornment in Europe, the feathered population in Jamaica was sadly thinned; and though small birds are now strictly protected by government, it will be long before they recover their former number. But the absence of birds is in greater part due to another cause, which is also responsible for the disappearance of many other of the natural enemies of the tick. That cause is the manner in which the mongoose has taken possession

of the land, and waged deadly war against bird, beast, and reptile.

Ten or fifteen years ago, one or two residents imported this animal from the East Indies, with the view of pitting him against the rats, which did enormous mischief in the cane-pieces. In attaining this object they were perfectly successful. The mongoose found himself in a land peculiarly adapted to his health and habits; he increased and multiplied exceedingly, and achieved a complete victory over the rats, which were driven neck and crop out of the canes. Whereas the expense caused by rats used to amount to £150 and £200, or even more, a year, in each estate, it is now practically nil; and when, as now, every form of saving must be taken advantage of to secure a fair profit in sugar production, this was a most important gain.

But the mongoose has not confined his operations to his legitimate enemies. He has killed all the lizards and snakes (which in Jamaica were always of harmless species); he hunts for and devours the eggs of quail and all ground-laying birds, and is ready to pounce upon and murder any of the feathered race which frequent the ground, or at any time place themselves within the reach of his ruthless jaws.\* His depredations among poultry are a source of daily lamentation from high and low, and the only animals which are said to defy him are the guinea-fowl, wild and tame, whose eggs are too hard for his teeth to penetrate. He has practically destroyed the balance of nature in the island. The lizards, snakes, and birds lived on the ticks, and with the destruction by the mongoose of bird, lizard, and snake, the natural checks on the increase of the tick have nearly disappeared.

But all this is thoroughly well known in Jamaica, and both government and individuals are setting themselves to consider how to meet the evil. A campaign will be organized against the mongoose, and his numbers will be restricted to the few that are really necessary and profitable. A mercantile firm in Kingston has discovered that his pelt may have a commercial value, and has advertised, offering a price for each skin delivered in good condition. This circumstance will certainly affect him very seriously and stimulate many people to the task of thinning his redundant multitudes. The lizards and harmless snakes will increase and resume their

\* Besides making these his prey, he has almost completely destroyed the delicious land-crab which used to be such a distinctive feature of a West Indian menu.

place in the land, and the nests will no longer be harried before the little broods are able to provide for themselves.

We mentioned above that a government enactment now provides for the strict protection of small birds, and some of the planters are contemplating, in addition, the importation of birds peculiarly insect-devouring, such as starlings, of the same family as the "tinkling," which may now be seen feeding greedily in the pastures, and proving himself most useful and beneficent to cattle in removing the ticks which adhere to them.

It has also been proposed to import the whistling frog, so well known in Barbadoes, which is believed to feed on insects, and is sure to find a congenial home in Jamaica.

There is every hope then that, when the result of all these expedients has had time to ripen, the tick pest will in a very few years disappear altogether, or at least be so modified that it has no appreciable significance.

In writing a notice of modern Jamaica, it has been necessary to enlarge upon its gravest drawback. It is equally necessary to remark upon one of its greatest charms. West Indian hospitality has always been proverbial, and certainly in our day it has lost nothing of its pristine geniality and open-heartedness. In the island society there is, of course, a large amount of reciprocities. If an inhabitant of one parish visits another district on business or pleasure, he has only to say that he is coming, or indeed only to come, to ensure the heartiest of welcomes, and the entertainer of to-day will become the entertained of to-morrow. But the stranger in the land will also find that he is in no wise treated as a stranger. Wherever he may go, he will always find open arms and open doors. He will surely be pressed to visit every person whom he may most casually meet; he will be passed on from house to house; and the greatest social *lache* he can commit is to decline an invitation, or to unduly curtail his stay wherever he may find himself. And the hospitality is real and general in the island, is not confined to entertainment in country-houses alone, but is apparent in every class and on all occasions. Tradesmen, merchants, and officials in the towns place themselves, their knowledge and resources, entirely at the visitor's disposal, with no thought of business or profit; and at every *table d'hôte* the first thought of each person who is met appears to be how

he may show the greatest courtesy, and make himself most agreeable.

It was said in the beginning of this article, that if England does not soon transfer some of its energy and capital towards the development of Jamaica, they will certainly come from other sources. And that another nation should have shown a willingness to "exploiter" this possession of England, is perhaps the best possible proof how profitable it would be found by the mother country to make it, for its own sons, the scene of renewed enterprise and effort. The vicinity of the United States, and the facility of communication, have thrown the Jamaican planter and merchant upon America as a market; and Americans will not be slow to recognize the fact that their citizens may as well reap the profits made by the supply as those made by the market.

The tone of thought in commercial circles in Kingston is now much more American than English; and reference is much more frequently made to the opinion of the States and New York than to that of England and London. It has been mentioned that American visitors are thronging to Jamaica during the winter months to escape the cold of their own climate. Many of these visitors move all through the island; and, although their primary pursuits may be health and novelty of scene, we may be perfectly sure that they will also carefully note any business openings, and make arrangements to profit by them. An American company has already bought the concession of all railways in Jamaica, whether made or to be made — though how our Colonial Office authorities consented to such a transaction, without, as far as the public knows, first making every effort to enlist English support, appears somewhat incomprehensible. American cars are to replace the English railway carriages hitherto used, and American engineers are surveying the country, and laying out new lines.

One of the most flourishing manufactures in the island is run by an American at the Black River for the purpose of utilizing the fibre of bamboos; and a monster hotel is being built near Kingston under American management, avowedly to attract American tourists. All these circumstances are signs of the times, and it is most reasonable to expect that we may soon see Americans taking up for cultivation much of the large proportion of untitled land that is now to be had in the island for a mere song.

There is every ground for reasonable belief that Jamaica now offers a remarkably favorable opening to the numerous class of young men, in England, who are unable to pass the examinations which are necessary for entrance to the army and civil service, not to speak of the more learned professions. Young men of this class have lately been shipped off to Australia, Africa, and America to seek their fortune, sheep-farming, gold-digging, and ranching; and we leave it to those who are interested in them to say whether they have, as a rule, gained fortunes, or made more than a livelihood, meagre out of all proportion to the rough life which they have led, and the toil which they have encountered.

Here is an English colony, easy of access, enjoying a healthy and generally delightful climate, unexampled fertility of soil, two-thirds of whose area are now uncultivated, and where land is to be procured for an almost nominal price. Why do not young Englishmen go there?

The only requisites for success are common sense, a sound constitution, temperate habits, and a determination to work and to succeed. There are many planters and managers of estates in Jamaica who would be only too glad to receive into their houses, feed, and lodge a young man for a very moderate premium. He would be employed as a bookkeeper\* or overseer, and would have an opportunity of learning the working of an estate, the cultivation of various crops, etc. After two or three years of such apprenticeship and practical experience, he would be able to start for himself, and, if then he had command of a capital of from £500 to £2,000, he would begin by taking up a small holding, which he would gradually increase as years rolled on, and his means and experience improved. He would, from the very first, except under most extraordinarily unlucky circumstances, make a very good profit on his transactions, and though he is not likely to accumulate a colossal fortune, he has every reasonable certainty of rapidly improving his position, and, when he has arrived at middle age, of having made a very handsome independence.

And, meantime, he would not be living among very rough surroundings, cut off from all the resources of civilization. No pleasanter society need be desired than the planters of Jamaica and their families. Everywhere there are churches, doctors,

telegraph stations, and post-offices within easy reach. Books and newspapers are easily procured, and cricket, lawn-tennis, and other games flourish exceedingly in nearly all the districts of the island. To mark the fact that Jamaica is now offering profitable careers for young men, it may here be noted that many planters, who know the island well and are alive to its capabilities, are bringing up their sons to take their own positions on the estates, or to strike out new openings for themselves.

And the island itself would benefit generally by the introduction of such a class as we have been discussing. From the present enormous disproportion in numbers between the white and black men, a vast amount of power is necessarily thrown into the hands of the black race, which, as we have tried to show, is not yet sufficiently mature, *as a race*, to be able to exercise it. The planting and land-holding whites are so few, that a sufficient number of them having comparative leisure cannot be found to serve on local governing bodies. These governing bodies are therefore drifting more and more into the hands of the colored population, who, having few sympathies with the land-owners, are now able to carry through much legislation directly opposed to the landed interest, which, representing as it does the most important resources of the island, deserves more consideration than it now generally receives. If a number of young men came to Jamaica with the view of making it their home for life, they might, even during their apprenticeship, find ample opportunity of being employed in local administration. The interests and opinions of the planter class would then be represented more fully than is now the case, and the young men themselves would gain valuable administrative experience, which would be of service to the community in after years.

An attempt has been made to record some facts about modern Jamaica. We can only wonder that, with all its charms and resources, it is so little generally known, and that it has not in our own day been recognized as a place where many Englishmen may carve out for themselves honorable and profitable careers.

We have omitted to notice one of the most striking natural features of Jamaica, and it should be remarked on in our conclusion, if only that we may use it as an illustration of the probable history of the island. There are many of its rivers which, after flowing on their course for miles, suddenly sink into the earth, and

\* A bookkeeper in Jamaica does not imply a man whose whole employment is in an office. He is really an assistant overseer.



are hidden from the light of day, reappearing in their full volume at some distant point, thereafter rushing in all their sparkling beauty to the sea. We believe that Jamaica has, like these rivers, been secluded for a time in obscurity, but that it has really lost none of its vigor and richness, and that it is even now on the point of reappearing in all the glory of its ancient success and prosperity.

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From Temple Bar.  
THE GODS OF GREECE.

BY J. R. MOZLEY.

ABOUT the middle of the sixth century before Christ, Cræsus, the warlike and wealthy king of Asia Minor, had a mighty purpose brewing in his head. This was no less than the subjugation of Persia, then under the rule of the celebrated Cyrus; and the enterprise which lay before Cræsus was too vast to permit him to neglect any attainable counsel in regard of it. In particular, the primary question of all, "Shall I, or shall I not, enter upon this war?" had to be definitely determined.

Cræsus was no Greek; and as he had conquered the Greek cities on the Asiatic continent, he might be excused for thinking himself more powerful than any Greek state; but before the divinities of Greece he bowed down in reverence. The great oracle of Delphi was then at the very height of its reputation. No other religious centre in the known world was comparable to it. For Jerusalem, long stripped of its ancient glory, now lay in ashes, a tenantless desert; the race of Israel were scattered to the winds of heaven. But even Delphi stood not alone in the Greek world; countless were the shrines in which Zeus and Apollo received the veneration of men, and their responses to their suppliants were treasured up for the wonder and instruction of future generations. These and their compeers were then the advisers by whose counsel Cræsus resolved to be guided in the question which so deeply concerned him.

Yet however religiously disposed, Cræsus was "canny;" besides, he was sufficiently remote from the Greek world not to be wholly overpowered by the reverence which he genuinely entertained; therefore, in fine, he resolved to test the power of the oracles before taking their advice as to the matter in hand. His method was as follows. Despatching from Sardis

eight messengers to the eight oracles of highest reputation, he bade each messenger, on the hundredth day after leaving that city, put to the deity of the shrine to which he had been sent this simple yet puzzling question: "What is Cræsus doing now?" And as Cræsus himself, at the date when the messengers left Sardis, had by no means made up his mind as to what he would do on the hundredth day from then, it would seem that the answer to the question must be hidden from all except true supernatural power. We cannot be surprised to learn that six out of the eight oracles succumbed. But the oracle of Amphiaræus, we gather, made a fair guess; and Delphi succeeded even better; the Pythian priestess gave, in all points, a true reply. Stately were the verses in which Apollo, through her mouth, met the royal inquirer: "I know," he proclaimed, "the number of the sands on the shore, and the bounds of the sea: I understand him who is deaf, and I hear him who speaks not a word. There reaches me the smell of a tortoise boiled together with lamb's flesh in a vessel of copper—copper above and copper below." In these words did the Delphic oracle describe exactly what Cræsus in reality was doing at the moment when the question was put; and that monarch, altogether convinced of the omniscience of Apollo, sent now to ask the question which in truth he had at heart: "Shall I succeed if I make war upon Cyrus?" A second time did the oracle make reply: "Cræsus, if he crosses the river Halys, will destroy a great empire." Now, indeed, the monarch was overjoyed; he took the answer as a sure prophecy of his success; he crossed the river Halys with an army, and—alas! was defeated and taken prisoner by Cyrus. His whole kingdom became a part of the Persian Empire. In the keenness of his disappointment, he sent to reproach Apollo for having so grievously misled him, which seemed indeed all the harder, as Cræsus, in his enthusiastic but premature gratitude, had sent to Delphi magnificent gifts of gold, such as we read of with wonder, and could hardly believe, but that Herodotus, with his own eyes, saw them a century afterwards. Delphi, however, was no whit abashed; and Apollo, through the priestess, simply told Cræsus that he ought to have asked whose kingdom it was, the destruction of which was foretold by the inspired voice.

Now we must not absolutely assume the truth of this curious story of the dealings

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of Cræsus with the oracle; and if we were disposed to credit Delphi with miraculous knowledge, the whole history of the oracle, with its very human clevernesses and its final collapse, would stand considerably in our way. But the gifts of Cræsus were a solid fact, and require to be accounted for; and the easiest way of accounting for them is by the supposition that the Delphian priests had, through the reverence paid to them, and through the influence of their friends (who were spread over the whole Greek world), acquired in some manner a knowledge of the answer to the puzzle set them by Cræsus.

Perhaps this supposition may not raise the oracle of Delphi greatly in our eyes as a divine institution; but it will lead us to think that a good deal of intellectual organizing power belonged to the priests of Apollo at this famous shrine. And indeed, Greek history, in the earlier times especially, contains much to favor the view, that Delphi was a centre of genuine political knowledge to the Greek world, and a patriotic guide; most of all in those great colonizing movements which spread the race of Hellas over the shores of Asia, Africa, and Italy. Looking at the matter in this way, we may see that the high opinion which Socrates and Plato entertained of Delphi was not quite unmerited; though no doubt the oracle resorted to trickeries when wisdom failed it, and was not always without suspicion of corruption.

Are we then to conclude that the whole force and meaning of Greek religion lay in certain intellectual aptitudes and capacities of political prevision, possessed by its most prominent organs? Not so. The Greek intellect was indeed so powerful and so versatile, that it bent to itself all the other faculties of the race; just as conscience among the Israelites, and personal will among the Romans, always claimed and held the central position. But religion never did anywhere, and did not among the Greeks, take its birth from pure intellect. In Greece it took its origin from certain haunting imaginations. The great features of the external world had at once a terror and a fascination for the early dwellers in Greece. The rude Pelasgian, beneath the mountains of Epirus and Thessaly, had but little mythology; but he trembled before the manifestations of earth and sky; they were to him living beings; the clear or thunderous heavens, the roaring ocean, the torrents, the woods, the caverns and chasms of the earth. At Dodona was the centre of his

worship. There, couched on the bare ground, his priests listened to the nightly rustling of the leaves of the mighty oak-tree, which, as they believed, conveyed to them the counsel and mind of Zeus. Of that deity he had a vague and awful conception; and thus it is to the Zeus of Dodona, the "dweller in a far-off region," that Achilles, at the crisis of the Iliad, directs his touching prayer, when sending his dearest friend Patroclus into that battlefield which was to be his grave.

But upon these elemental, shadowy beliefs presently supervened the clear-cut poetic instinct of the Hellenic race, culminating in Homer; and Zeus and Apollo, Herè and Athenè, start at once into animated, picturesque life. Homer knows all about them; no shadow of doubt assails him as he relates how Zeus went to dine with the blameless Ethiopians, and how the spouse of Zeus boxed the ears of the divine huntress Artemis. No one could have begun by worshipping deities of whom such stories as these were related; but when worship had been accorded to them on other grounds, the stories found favor with a story-loving race. Hence we have the marvellous compound of religious worship with childish fable. And yet again and again, it would seem, even after the mythology became more or less fixed, profound passionate impulses (derived perhaps from the East) swept over the land of Greece; and we find women ranging over the mountains and glens of Parnassus and Cithæron in wild frenzy, deeming themselves the subjects of divine possession, and inspired by some darkly moving deity.

This chaos of fable and wild feeling eventually became penetrated and governed by an organization appropriate to it, which at once tamed it and yet preserved all its essential features. Greece, politically divided, felt an internal unity, partly through a common language, partly through the magnificent poems of Homer, which were a common possession of all. This unity showed itself in the increasing dominance of certain religious centres; above all, of Delphi. And at last the organizing power inherent in these centres became the master of those religious emotions of which it professed itself to be the servant; and we have that state of things which appears in the dealings of Delphi with Cræsus, when the divine oracle becomes associated with human skill and knowledge, and obtains its sway through these.

At this moment Greek religion, as a

splendid outward phenomenon, culminates; and it is but little after this date that we meet with the poet who represents to us this its central phase — Pindar. In Pindar there is that grave sense of Greece as a dignified, harmonious whole, which previous ages had been too immature, succeeding ages were too troubled, to be able to conceive. He chants the fame of Sparta and Athens, of Thebes and Syracuse, without thinking of any division, any quarrel between them. He is sublime in his impartiality, as becomes one who holds a divine office. No other Greek writer has so calm a sense of sacredness as he has. The mythology with him is accepted, but irradiated; he discards the plainly unworthy elements of it; and yet scepticism, in the proper sense of the word, is not in him. All Greece listens to him, at those festivals where competitors wrestled or raced for the simple prize of a crown of wild-olive leaves, and for the prize, even more precious, of celebration in the songs of the poet. The chair in which Pindar recited these songs, some of which yet remain to us, was long preserved at Delphi.

But again, in Pindar we have another religious element, more precious by far than either imagination or intellect — the faith in righteousness, in goodness. Goodness, he teaches, will entail a future reward; wickedness, a future punishment; and though his conceptions have an unavoidable crudity in their details, the divine government of the world is by him presented in a manner that we may esteem. How far the priests of Delphi, or the hierophants of Eleusis, had the same conception, we do not know; probably they had something of it, though the practical action of these institutions was necessarily mixed with baser contrivances which the poet could disregard.

And because of this admixture of baser contrivances, Delphi must necessarily fall. Perhaps some one may ask, Why? Could not the religion have been purified? could not the crude mythology have been laid aside, and the unity of God, which the noblest Greek spirits essentially held, have emerged as the truth on which all mankind might rest? Theoretically, yes; practically, no. Greek religion was too deeply ingrained with error for any possibility of its being cleared of it. It has its virtue, and we may apprehend that virtue apart from its error; but the Greeks could not. The whole had to die down before the good could be liberated from the evil. But there were seeds in it of

which we can perceive the value, and which may be profitable to us at this present day.

Delphi and the whole Greek religion had necessarily to fall and vanish; and yet their fall did not result from any direct scepticism as to the mythology. There was scepticism in the Greek world; but this scepticism, by itself, would have been wholly unable to shake the prevalent religion. Delphi fell because it was unequal to the solution of a certain urgent practical problem. What was that problem? Essentially, the pressure of population in the Greek world.

Delphi was a sufficient and capable guide to the Greek race, as long as that race could expand by colonization in tracts not too far distant from their native land. But when once this natural expansion was stopped, the problem which was presented to the Greek race was of the most serious description. External outlets being cut off, the straitened forces of society came inevitably into collision with each other, each striving to establish itself above the rest. Already, at the end of the sixth century B.C., the Sicilian Greeks were pressed severely by Carthage, the Asiatic Greeks by the great monarchy of Persia. The Phocæans, under extraordinary stress of circumstances, transported themselves and their families to Massilia, the modern Marseilles; and this was the furthest point to which Greek citizens ever voluntarily carried their search for a new home. The elasticity of the race could not reach any further; and quarrels, insignificant when the defeated party could set sail for a hospitable shore a few hundred miles off, became serious and bitter under the new condition of things. The perspicacity of the Greek deities (or of their priests) was too feeble for such a crisis as this.

Not only was this so, but a new guidance, a new principle, was coming to the front in the Greek world, which, without in any way professing antagonism to religion, did as a matter of fact solve things in a very secular way, and thus take away from the oracles a great part of their imposing political predominance. This was no other than the principle of democracy, then first showing itself on terrestrial soil. The beginner of it was Solon; the permanent centre, Athens; it received from Delphi the assistance which first kindled it into overpowering energy; then in the Persian war it showed itself superior to Delphi, and dimmed the lustre of the great oracle; it flamed forth like a meteor, and the course of it during two centuries is to

this day what we think of mainly when we speak of ancient Greece; then like a meteor it fell, and the energy of Greece fell with it, and the oracles became dumb and silent too. Greece had been a house divided against itself, and suffered political extinction in consequence.

Yet the literature and language of Greece were never so widely spread as when the central source of its fire had decayed. Its religion survived as a hope, as a symbol of better things. That it did so survive, that it did not sink into a barren ceremonial, was due to one man, Socrates. He, though endowed with all the ardent individualism of an Athenian, yet felt it not safe to abandon the ancient ways. "We know nothing," he said; "perhaps some day a diviner and purer word may reach us; let us try to attain it; but meanwhile, let us worship as our fathers worshipped." And this was, practically, the final word of vital religion in Greece till the rise of Christianity sent a thrill through the whole world, popular and philosophic, and changed all things into new forms.

I have in the preceding paragraph given a sketch of a drama, tragical but not without glory, of which some parts are the familiar property of all the world, others are known to scholars alone. It may be interesting to enter with somewhat more detail into a story of which the elements were so strikingly picturesque.

Sparta, with her *bizarre* constitution and military habits, was in the early times (after Homer) the acknowledged leader of all Greek states; and whether as the cause or sequence of this predominance, the oracle of Delphi had always favored Sparta, and Sparta had always peculiarly honored Delphi. She was, so to speak, "the eldest son of the Church." Yet, what was the astonishment and disgust of the Spartans to find, somewhere in the latter quarter of the sixth century before Christ, that none of their messages to the Delphic oracle were received with the smallest favor by Apollo; that for all answer, the god sent them one peremptory command, "Set free Athens from the tyranny of Hippias." The Spartans were by way of being friends with Hippias, and not very good friends of the Athenians; for though Athens was as yet a subordinate state, the seeds of democracy had been sown by Solon (by the simple process of passing a sponge over all debts and mortgages, so that all citizens started afresh), and Sparta looked askance at so novel and dangerous an experiment. So,

for a considerable time, Sparta disregarded the oracle. But the repetition of the command, the uncomfortable sense that it would not do for the most loyal pious of Greek states to neglect a plain duty, at last produced the required effect; a Spartan army was sent to Athens, and, with some difficulty, Hippias was dislodged and exiled. Then, with one outburst, arose the "*fierce democratie*;" not, as eighty years before under Solon, in humble and subdued guise; nor in the least disposed to be grateful either to Sparta or Delphi for the signal service just rendered; but self-reliant, audacious, even arrogant! With bold oblivion of facts, the Athenians instantly attributed the expulsion of the tyrant and of all belonging to him to two patriots, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, who had, as a matter of fact, killed the brother of Hippias a few years before, but thereby only increased the tyranny of the despot who remained. Not once, through the whole course of Athenian poets and orators, does any grateful reminiscence occur of an act to which Athens owed the foundation of her power! And of ordinary readers of history, how many remember that the brilliant history of Athens was only rendered possible by an act attributable simply to the concurrence of Delphi and Sparta!

Well, the Athenians were not a grateful people; and perhaps it would have been an excess of virtue had they remembered the obligation under which Sparta had laid them. Perhaps, too, it was impossible for them, while ignoring any gratitude to Sparta, to give Delphi its due; for Delphi had only worked through Sparta. But then, why did not Delphi demand its due? why did not the oracle press upon the Athenians how much they were indebted to the provident regard of Apollo? There, indeed, we come to the weakness which lay at the heart of Greek religion; the want of profundity, the absence (except in a few choice spirits) of moral depth. Delphi had done a most important act, but with no sense of its importance; the most honorable thought which had actuated the Pythian priestess and her comrades was gratitude to the Alcmaeonidæ, an illustrious and wealthy Athenian family, who had restored and adorned the temple at Delphi, which had been burnt down. The Alcmaeonidæ had been exiled by Hippias, and naturally wished to see him in his turn exiled and to return to Athens themselves, and the benefits which they were in a position to render to the oracle made Delphi very complaisant towards

them. The Athenians, indeed, said plainly that the priestess was bribed; this is possible, but cannot be held to be certain. On the whole, we may credit the oracle with sufficient patriotism to believe that it entertained a true preference for the freedom, rather than for the enslavement, of so prominent a state as Athens. But there was no depth of emotion attendant upon this preference; and the claim upon Athenian allegiance, which Delphi, if a truly divine power, would have made, never was put forward. The moment, when the power of religion might have established itself as a permanent guide to all Greek peoples, passed away, and could never be recalled. And if we ask why, an inherent defect in the Greek religion must be our only answer. With plenty of imagination, with some real uplifting of the soul, it wanted seriousness.

On the other hand, the Athenian democracy of that date were very serious indeed; and in their next and most memorable encounter with Delphi, though technically speaking neither side could claim a victory, the real honors lay with them. This was on the occasion of the Persian wars.

That memorable struggle, the most romantic of all recorded in history, a struggle which has had the unique honor of having inspired poets of distant climes and ages with an ardor comparable to that of the great poet who personally fought at Salamis, needs no description here. The day

when Marathon became a magic word

is known to the veriest tyro in history.

Generally, too, it is known, even to persons who have but a superficial acquaintance with history, that Athens stood above all other Greek states in valor and enterprise in this conflict of freedom with despotism. But what has not always been adequately felt, even since Grote's history, is the extraordinary concentration in Athens of all the most energetic elements which the conflict brought to birth; and what perhaps has never yet been shown is this, that at this great era democracy (not irreligious, but yet before all things democratic) first measured itself with official traditional religion, and by its native *verve* carried the day. It happened thus.

The first wave of Persian aggression had burst fruitlessly on the shores of Greece; Marathon had been fought; but the main scenes of the drama were still to come. Xerxes had gathered up his millions; they approached, by sea and land,

a horde to which in mere numbers few armies in history have ever been equal; slowly they were rolling onwards towards their intended victim, increasing as they went. Various Greek states, in terror at their danger, sent to consult Apollo at Delphi as to how they should behave in such an emergency. Cnidus, Crete, and Argos were the first suppliants; and to each of them the oracle had advised quiescence. Cnidus, Crete, and Argos had therefore determined to keep quiet; and to keep quiet was to submit. But Athens was of a different temper. True, that Athens could not safely keep quiet; Xerxes was too much incensed against her; the memories of the burning of Sardis, and of the defeat of Marathon, could not be wiped out by any common atonement. But to fly was still possible for the Athenians; they might, like the Phocæans, have taken their wives and families to some far distant land, and, with no dishonor to themselves, have founded a colony, where the sword of the Persian should not be able to reach them. This, though not the most heroic, was the most natural course; and this was practically the course which Delphi advised when the Athenians sent to consult the oracle as to what they should do. It was indeed in no measured terms that Apollo spoke; and those who believed in his divine authority could scarcely help trembling while they listened to his reply.

Wretched ones [said the Pythian priestess to the Athenian messengers] why sit ye here? Your country is sick, head, body, feet, and hands: fire and sword awaits it, temple and tower stand quaking with fear, the roofs stream with blood. Fly away from it wholly, and depart from my shrine, and accustom your minds to evils.

But the messengers replied that nothing would induce them to take such an answer as that back to Athens. They would sit and die where they were if Apollo had no better counsel to give. Moved by their constancy, the oracle then made another and more famous reply:—

Pallas has prayed much to her father Zeus for her own city; but she cannot move him; one thing alone he grants, that you may take refuge in your wooden walls. For when all else within the bounds of the land of Cecrops is taken into captivity, these alone shall remain unharmed.

One cannot but admire this oracular deliverance. It was sufficiently obscure to save the credit of the oracle in case of an adverse result; and yet it gave sound

practical advice. Amid all superficial obscurity, it did no doubt indicate to Athens her fleet as her great resource and refuge; and under the direction of Themistocles (the leading spirit of Athens at this crisis) the Athenians transported their wives and children to the neighboring island of Ægina, and themselves awaited the Persians in their ships near Salamis. If we may believe Herodotus, the oracle itself had indicated Salamis as the scene of battle. However this may be, there the world-famous fight took place, surpassing even Marathon in importance, by which the spirit and power of Persia was broken, though the struggle was not actually brought to an end till the following year, in the land battle of Plataea.

Now the rivalry between Delphi and Athens in the scene which I have just described was, so far as form went, perfectly friendly. The Athenians, from beginning to end, were reverently submissive to the oracle; they made no demur to its authority, even when they declared their inability to return to their fellow-citizens with its most menacing answer. Delphi, again, had not done itself discredit; there really had been a good deal of prescience in the oracle. But none the less the ruling spirit of Greece had shifted its place while this scene was being enacted. Athens, while nominally consulting, had really taken the moral lead and had kept it. When the Persian wars were over, it was not the advice of Delphi that men looked back upon with pride, but the singular determination of Athens. And if Athens had been the superior when meeting the oracle on its own ground, much more was the impression of this superiority deepened by the placability, coolness, and readiness which Athens displayed among rivals who were jealous of her and of each other, and many of whom only wanted some slight excuse to be quit of the whole difficulty and make for themselves such inglorious terms as the Persians might accord. History scarcely records a finer example of wisdom and temper under the most difficult circumstances than the answer of Themistocles, who, when the Spartan admiral Eurybiades, in the full council before the battle of Salamis, raised his stick to strike him, replied as if the personal insult were a mere nothing in comparison with the mighty questions being discussed: "Strike me, but hear me." Or even if we distrust this story, which comes to us only on the late authority of Plutarch, the

narrative of Herodotus gives an impression nearly as forcible of the general behavior of the Athenian leaders.

In short, the Persian wars, without any direct intention on the part of anybody to disparage the official religion of Greece, had dimmed the lustre of the greatest shrine of that religion, Delphi. A sense of reliance in human nature sprang up, centring itself in Athens, which, widely as it differed in theory from what we now call secularism, still had much of the same practical effects as that view. As far as merely paying honor to the gods by splendid ceremonies went, the Athenians of the age of Pericles were among the most religious of mankind. But in matters of conduct Athens relied on herself, and not on the gods. In the terrible Peloponnesian war, which began half a century after Salamis, this self-reliance was too fatally manifested. It is true that in the impressive account which Thucydides gives of the brilliant start of that expedition to Sicily from which all the woes of Athens took their rise, the public prayer to the gods has a prominent place. But that prayer was not for guidance, but for favor; the resolution of Athens had been taken irrespectively of it. Throughout the whole of the latter half of the fifth century before Christ, religion at Athens was ceasing to be vital and becoming a matter of form. We see this in the laments and apprehensions of a conservative poet like Sophocles, no less than in the growth of the tribe of Sophists, who thought that it needed but a few clever fellows like themselves to set the world right; and again in the recklessness of conduct which began so fatally to abound in all the doings and sayings of the Athenians and of their imitators in the various parts of Greece. And the result of this recklessness was seen in the dark days of Sicily, in the final disaster of Ægospotamos, in the ruin which thereafter befell the Athenian cause.

How can we but lament, seeing such a spectacle, even though it belongs to an age so long ago, and to a country whose illustrious history is of the things that have passed away? Of all the peoples of the ancient world, and perhaps of the modern world too, the Athenians had most of that ardor and enthusiasm of character, that flexibility and delicacy of faculty, which rouses and interests the student of history. If some controlling hand could but have been laid upon them, to draw them back from dreams of ambition! But there was no such hand; when religion



had been found wanting, what could happen but that every man should do that which was right in his own eyes? The very ardor and courage of Athens hurried her to the abyss. She had honestly won the first place among Greek states by the Persian wars; but she was unable to distinguish between the manly temper which had given her that first place, and the audacious self-esteem which claimed empire as an intrinsic right, irrespective of justice of conduct. The religious guide of Greece, Delphi, had failed through poverty of spirit. Athens, the most vitally powerful of the Greek states, failed through misdirected excess of spirit.

Thus it was that the intrinsic weakness of the gods of Greece was made manifest to the world by something much more serious than mere critical inquiry into the errors of the mythology. Zeus and Apollo failed practically as controlling forces. The fabulousness of the stories concerning them weakened the religion from within rather than from without. The Athenians, who thought themselves very religious, but who were above all things human, were the unconscious destroyers of faith in the oracles; not because they attacked the oracles, but because the oracles had not a natural power of command sufficient to control or restrain Athens.

One man there was at Athens who lamented this disposition of his countrymen — Socrates. He, apparently, would have had his country consult and obey Delphi at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, at least he laid down such obedience as a general principle. If the Athenians had done so, they would have given up something in those points of dispute which occasioned the war; for Delphi was against them in it. And probably they would have fared better if they had done so. Yet, strange to say, when the war was over, and when the Athenians had suffered from it all that they could suffer, they accused Socrates, and put him to death, on what charge? On the charge of irreligion, of atheism, of wishing to destroy the worship of the gods. Superficially speaking, nothing more extraordinary than such a charge could be conceived; and undoubtedly, both superficially and in the deepest sense, nothing could be more unjust than the conduct of the Athenians towards Socrates. Yet, after all, the Athenians were not absolute fools. Socrates was a moral reformer; and with all the care he took not to be aggressive towards the traditional religion,

it was impossible but that some elements of his teaching should act detrimentally upon a religion which was so very assailable in many of its respects as the Greek religion was. This is no dishonor to Socrates; and a modern critic would be more inclined to find fault with him for too great complaisance towards the religion of his country than for any desire to overthrow it, though, considering the need of piety, even when the forms of it are erring, for human nature, it is hard to sustain this charge either.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to remember that Delphi, at a comparatively early stage of the career of Socrates, assigned to him that honor which his own country denied him. Delphi styled him the wisest of the Greeks. No more remarkable utterance ever came forth from the oracle. He, when he heard of it, was unaffectedly surprised. He declared that he knew nothing; and the only way in which he could reconcile his own consciousness of ignorance with the divine declaration, was by taking into account the fact that he at all events knew that he was ignorant, whereas the other Greeks fancied they knew something, and did not. And in the most important sense, what Socrates declared about himself was true. It was not in irony, or in false modesty, that he said that he was ignorant. What he meant was that he had no sure stable knowledge, no knowledge that could be his eternal possession. He felt that the only knowledge which could not be taken away was that which pertained to the heart of man, which led him to right feeling and right action. Yet he, whom the oracle called the wisest of the Greeks, had not attained to this sure righteousness. But at least he bade men search for it with all their heart and strength. Meanwhile, though he had not attained to knowledge, he yet affirmed that he had felt, at certain crises of his life, a divine influence guiding or restraining him; and he said that he never had gone against this felt divine influence without repenting of it. And the brave and noble actions recorded of Socrates are sufficient to justify the belief that a true divine influence had touched him. He alone, as one of the presidents of the law court, had stood out against the madness of the Athenians when they insisted on carrying an illegal vote for the sake of condemning their own victorious generals. He had been a brave soldier in war; he had saved in battle the life of one of his favorite pupils. He had always endured hardship. He had refused obedience to



the illegal commands of the thirty tyrants, even as he refused to sanction the illegal demand of the Athenian people.

What then Socrates handed down to the generations that came after him, was, in the first place, faith; in the second place, a principle of intellectual inquiry. His faith, though it did not discard the ordinary Greek mythology (it is uncertain to what extent he bestowed credence on it) was in its active form a belief in certain superintending divine powers, who were just and who did on occasions communicate their will to man. Again, he believed in immortality, though not with that absolute certainty which has distinguished Christianity. And lastly, he believed in the possibility of framing, not only our own conduct, but also the structure of society on just and enduring principles. In this last respect he is capable of being a teacher to ourselves, not of course in details, but in the general sense that such a formation of society is a possible and worthy end. For, greatly as we have progressed since the days of Socrates in social questions, we are still very far indeed from perfection, and can by no means afford to sit still.

When we come from the faith of Socrates to his principle of intellectual inquiry, as this is developed in the pages of Plato (perhaps not always in accordance with the actual teaching of his master), we do certainly find something lacking; and we feel the force of his own declaration, that he had no real knowledge on the subjects which most deeply concern man. He is too metaphysical; and it was an unsatisfactory position, scientifically speaking, so often to be engaged in the mere attempt to convict others of ignorance. No doubt an impression always did, and does now, remain on the mind from these Socratic colloquies. But the true basis of moral progress had to be formed on a desire for perfection more passionate, more intense, than that which belonged to the great Athenian. The Socratic philosophy could never possibly take the place of Christianity; but it has supplied one needful element for the sound growth of mankind which must not be deemed a small one—the sense of the value of clear knowledge, in so far as this can possibly be obtained in matters which concern the soul of man.

Less than half a century after the death of Socrates, the treasures of Delphi were seized and squandered by the Phocians; and the oracle never recovered from the blow. Then, when Alexander dispersed

the Greek race over three continents, the religion of Hellas became finally subservient to political powers; and with this the interest in it, as an independent phenomenon, ceases. The true legacy which it left to the world was philosophy, and a hope of higher things.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

#### THE STRANGE OCCURRENCES IN CANTERSTONE JAIL.

##### I.

OLIVER MANKELL was sentenced to three months' hard labor. The charge was that he had obtained money by means of false pretences. Not large sums, but shillings, half-crowns, and so on. He had given out that he was a wizard, and that he was able and willing—for a consideration—to predict the events of the future,—tell fortunes, in fact. The case created a large amount of local interest, for some curious stories were told about the man in the town. Mankell was a tall, slight, wiry-looking fellow in the prime of life, with coal-black hair and olive complexion—apparently of Romany extraction. His bearing was self-possessed, courteous even, yet with something in his air which might have led one to suppose that he saw—what others did not—the humor of the thing. At one point his grave, almost saturnine visage distinctly relaxed into a smile. It was when Colonel Gregory, the chairman of the day, was passing sentence. After committing him for three months' hard labor, the colonel added,—

“During your sojourn within the walls of a prison you will have an opportunity of retrieving your reputation. You say you are a magician. During your stay in jail I would strongly advise you to prove it. You lay claim to magic powers. Exercise them. I need scarcely point out to you how excellent a chance you will have of creating a sensation.”

The people laughed. When the great Panjandrum is even dimly suspected of an intention to be funny, the people always do. But on this occasion even the prisoner smiled,—rather an exceptional thing, for as a rule it is the prisoner who sees the joke the least of all.

Later in the day the prisoner was conveyed to the county jail. This necessitated a journey by rail, with a change upon the way. At the station where they changed there was a delay of twenty minutes. This the prisoner and the constable in charge

of him improved by adjourning to a public house hard by. Here they had a glass — indeed they had two — and when they reached Canterstone, the town on whose outskirts stood the jail, they had one — or perhaps it was two — more. It must have been two, for when they reached the jail, instead of the constable conveying the prisoner, it was the prisoner who conveyed the constable — upon his shoulder. The warder who answered the knock seemed surprised at what he saw.

"What do you want?"

"Three months' hard labor."

The warder stared. The shades of night had fallen, and the lamp above the prison door did not seem to cast sufficient light upon the subject to satisfy the janitor.

"Come inside," he said.

Mankell entered, the constable upon his shoulder. Having entered, he carefully placed the constable in a sitting posture on the stones, with his back against the wall. The policeman's helmet had tipped over his eyes, — he scarcely presented an imposing picture of the majesty and might of the law. The warder shook him by the shoulder. "Here, come — wake up. You're a pretty sort," he said. The constable's reply, although slightly inarticulate, was yet sufficiently distinct.

"Not another drop! not another drop!" he murmured.

"No, I shouldn't think so," said the warder. "You've had a pailful, it seems to me, already."

The man seemed a little puzzled. He turned and looked at Mankell.

"What do you want here?"

"Three months' hard labor."

The man looked down and saw that the new-comer had gyves upon his wrists. He went to a door at one side, and summoned another warder. The two returned together. This second official took in the situation at a glance.

"Have you come from —?" naming the town from which they in fact had come. Mankell inclined his head. This second official turned his attention to the prostrate constable. "Look in his pockets."

The janitor acted on the suggestion. The order for committal was produced.

"Are you Oliver Mankell?"

Again Mankell inclined his head. With the order in his hand, the official marched him through the side door through which he had himself appeared. Soon Oliver Mankell was the inmate of a cell. He spent that night in the reception cells at

the gate. In the morning he had a bath, was inducted into prison clothing, and examined by the doctor. He was then taken up to the main building of the prison, and introduced to the governor. The governor was a quiet, gentlemanly man, with a straggling black beard and spectacles, — the official to the tips of his fingers. As Mankell happened to be the only fresh arrival, the governor favored him with a little speech.

"You've placed yourself in an uncomfortable position, Mankell. I hope you'll obey the rules while you're here."

"I intend to act upon the advice tendered me by the magistrate who passed sentence."

The governor looked up. Not only was the voice a musical voice, but the words were not the sort of words generally chosen by the average prisoner.

"What advice was that?"

"He said that I claimed to be a magician. He strongly advised me to prove it during my stay in jail. I intend to act upon the advice he tendered."

The governor looked Mankell steadily in the face. The speaker's bearing conveyed no suggestion of insolent intention. The governor looked down again.

"I advise you to be careful what you do. You may make your position more uncomfortable than it is already. Take the man away."

They took the man away. They introduced him to the wheel. On the treadmill he passed the remainder of the morning. At noon morning tasks were over, and the prisoners were marched into their day cells to enjoy the meal which, in prison parlance, was called dinner. In accordance with the ordinary routine, the chaplain made his appearance in the round-house to interview those prisoners who had just come in, and those whose sentences would be completed on the morrow. When Mankell had been asked at the gate what his religion was, he had made no answer; so the warder, quite used to ignorance on the part of new arrivals as to all religions, had entered him as a member of the Church of England. As a member of the Church of England he was taken out to interview the chaplain now.

The chaplain was a little fussy gentleman, considerably past middle age. Long experience of prisons and prisoners had bred in him a perhaps unconscious habit of regarding criminals as naughty boys — urchins who required a judicious combination of cakes and castigation.

"Well, my lad, I'm sorry to see a man of your appearance here." This was a remark the chaplain made to a good many of his new friends. It was intended to give them the impression that at least the chaplain perceived that they were something out of the ordinary run. Then he dropped his voice to a judicious whisper. "What's it for?"

"For telling the truth."

This reply seemed a little to surprise the chaplain. He settled his spectacles upon his nose.

"For telling the truth!" An idea seemed all at once to strike the chaplain. "Do you mean that you pleaded guilty?" The man was silent. The chaplain referred to a paper he held in his hand. "Eh, I see that here it is written false pretences. Was it a stumer?"

We have seen it mentioned somewhere that "stumer" is slang for a worthless cheque. It was a way with the chaplain to let his charges see that he was at least acquainted with their phraseology. But on this occasion there was no response. The officer in charge of Mankell, who possibly wanted his dinner, put in his oar.

"Telling fortunes, sir."

"Telling fortunes! Oh! Dear me! How sad! You see what telling fortunes brings you to? There will be no difficulty in telling your fortune if you don't take care. I will see you to-morrow morning after chapel."

The chaplain turned away. But his prediction proved to be as false as Mankell's were stated to have been. He did not see him the next morning after chapel, and that for the sufficient reason that on the following morning there was no chapel. And the reasons why there was no chapel were very curious indeed — unprecedented, in fact.

Canterstone Jail was an old-fashioned prison. In it each prisoner had two cells, one for the day and one for the night. The day cells were on the ground floor, those for the night were overhead. At 6 A.M. a bell was rung, and the warders unlocked the night cells for the occupants to go down to those beneath. That was the rule. That particular morning was an exception to the rule. The bell was rung as usual, and the warders started to unlock, but there the adherence to custom ceased, for the doors of the cells refused to be unlocked.

The night cells were hermetically sealed by oaken doors of massive thickness, bolted and barred in accordance with the former idea that the security of prisoners

should depend rather upon bolts and bars than upon the vigilance of the officers in charge. Each door was let into a twenty-four inch brick wall, and secured by two ponderous bolts and an enormous lock of the most complicated workmanship. These locks were kept constantly oiled. When the gigantic key was inserted, it turned as easily as the key of a watch — that was the rule. When, therefore, on inserting his key into the lock of the first cell, Warder Slater found that it wouldn't turn at all, he was rather taken aback. "Who's been having a game with this lock?" he asked.

Warder Puffin, who was stationed at the head of the stairs to see that the prisoners passed down in order, at the proper distance from each other, replied to him.

"Anything the matter with the lock? Try the next."

Warder Slater did try the next, but he found that as refractory as the other had been.

"Perhaps you've got the wrong key?" suggested Warder Puffin.

"Got the wrong key!" cried Warder Slater. "Do you think I don't know my own keys when I see them?"

The oddest part of it was that all the locks were the same. Not only in Ward A, but in Wards B, C, D, E, and F — in all the wards, in fact. When this became known, a certain sensation was created, and that on both sides of the unlocked doors. The prisoners were soon conscious that their guardians were unable to release them, and they made a noise. Nothing is so precious to the average prisoner as a grievance; here was a grievance with a vengeance.

The chief warder was a man named Murray. He was short and stout, with a red face, and short, stubby white hair, — his very appearance suggested apoplexy. That suggestion was emphasized when he lost his temper — capable officer though he was, that was more than once in a while. He was in the wheel-shed, awaiting the arrival of the prisoners preparatory to being told off to their various tasks, when, instead of the prisoners, Warder Slater appeared. If Murray was stout, Slater was stouter. He was about five feet eight, and weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds. He was wont to amaze those who saw him for the first time — and wondered — by assuring them that he had a brother who was still stouter — compared to whom he was a skeleton, in fact. But he was stout enough. He and the chief warder made a striking pair.

"There's something the matter with the locks of the night cells, sir. We can't undo the doors."

"Can't undo the doors!" Mr. Murray turned the color of a boiled beetroot. "What do you mean?"

"It's very queer, sir, but all over the place it's the same. We can't get none of the doors unlocked."

Mr. Murray started off at a good round pace, Slater following hard at his heels. The chief warder tried his hand himself. He tried every lock in the prison; not one of them vouchsafed to budge. Not one, that is, with a single exception. The exception was in Ward B, No. 27. Mr. Murray had tried all the other doors in the ward, beginning with No. 1 — tried them all in vain. But when he came to No. 27, the lock turned with the customary ease, and the door was open. Within it was Oliver Mankell, standing decorously at attention, waiting to be let out. Mr. Murray stared at him.

"Hum! there's nothing the matter with this lock, at any rate. You'd better go down."

Oliver Mankell went down-stairs — he was the only man in Canterstone jail who did.

"Well, this is a pretty go!" exclaimed Mr. Murray, when he had completed his round. Two or three other warders had accompanied him. He turned on these. "Some one will smart for this, — you see if they don't. Keep those men still."

The din was deafening. The prisoners, secure of a grievance, were practising stepdances in their heavy shoes on the stone floors; they made the narrow, vaulted corridors ring.

"Silence those men!" shouted Mr. Jarvis, the second warder, who was tall and thin as the chief was short and stout. He might as well have shouted to the wind. Those in the cells just close at hand observed the better part of valor, but those a little distance off paid not the slightest heed. If they were locked in, the officers were locked out.

"I must go and see the governor," Mr. Murray pursed up his lips. "Keep those men still, or I'll know the reason why."

He strode off, leaving his subordinates to obey his orders — if they could or if they couldn't.

Mr. Paley's house was in the centre of the jail. Paley, by the way, was the governor's name. The governor, when Mr. Murray arrived, was still in bed. He came down to the chief warder in rather primitive disarray.

"Anything the matter, Murray?"

"Yes, sir; there's something very much the matter, indeed."

"What is it?"

"We can't get any of the doors of the night cells open."

"You can't get — what?"

"There seems to be something the matter with the locks."

"The locks? All of them? Absurd!"

"Well, there they are, and there's the men inside of them, and we can't get 'em out — at least I've tried my hand, and I know I can't."

"I'll come with you at once, and see what you mean."

Mr. Paley was as good as his word. He started off just as he was. As they were going, the chief warder made another remark.

"By the way, there is one cell we managed to get open, — I opened it myself."

"I thought you said there was none?"

"There's that one, — it's that man Mankell."

"Mankell? Who is he?"

"He came in yesterday. It's that magician."

When they reached the cells, it was easy to perceive that something was wrong. The warders hung about in twos and threes; the noise was deafening; the prisoners were keeping holiday.

"Get me the keys and let me see what I can do. It is impossible that all the locks can have been tampered with."

They presented Mr. Paley with the keys. In his turn he tried every lock in the jail. This was not the work of a minute or two. The prison contained some three hundred night cells. To visit them all necessitated not only a good deal of running up and down stairs, but a good deal of actual walking; for they were not only in different floors and in different blocks, but the prison itself was divided into two entirely separate divisions — north and south — and to pass from one division to the other entailed a walk of at least a hundred yards. By the time he had completed the round of the locks, Mr. Paley had had about enough of it. It was not surprising that he felt a little bewildered, — not one of the locks had shown any more readiness to yield to him than to the others.

In passing from one ward to the other, he had passed the row of day cells in which was situated B 27. Here they found Oliver Mankell sitting in silent state awaiting the call to work. The governor pulled up at sight of him.

"Well, Mankell, so there was nothing the matter with the lock of your door?"

Mankell simply inclined his head.

"I suppose you know nothing about the locks of the other doors?"

Again the inclination of the head. The man seemed to be habitually chary of speech.

"What's the matter with you? Are you dumb? Can't you speak when you're spoken to?"

This time Mankell extended the palms of his hands with a gesture which might mean anything or nothing. The governor passed on. The round finished, he held a consultation with the chief warder.

"Have you any suspicions?"

"It's queer." Mr. Murray stroked his bristly chin.

"It's very queer that that man Mankell's should be the only cell in the prison left untampered with."

"Very queer, indeed."

"What are we to do? We can't leave the men locked up all day. It's breakfast-time already. I suppose the cooks haven't gone down to the cook-house?"

"They're locked up with the rest. Barnes has been up to know what he's to do."

Barnes was the prison cook. The cooks referred to were six good-behavior men who were told off to assist him in his duties.

"If the food were cooked, I don't see how we should give it to the men."

"That's the question." Mr. Murray pondered. "We might pass it through the gas-holes."

"We should have to break the glass to do it. You wouldn't find it easy. It's plate-glass, an inch in thickness, and built into the solid wall."

There was a pause for consideration.

"Well, this is a pretty start. I've never come across anything like it in all my days before."

Mr. Paley passed his hand through his hair. He had never come across anything like it either.

"I shall have to telegraph to the commissioners. I can't do anything without their sanction."

The following telegram was sent, —

"Cannot get prisoners out of night cells. Something the matter with locks. Cannot give them any food. The matter is very urgent. What shall I do?"

The following answer was received, —

"Inspector coming down."

The inspector came down — Major William Hardinge. A tall, portly gentleman,

with a very decided manner. When he saw the governor he came to the point at once.

"What's all this stuff?"

"We can't get the prisoners out of the night cells."

"Why?"

"There's something the matter with the locks."

"Have you given them any food?"

"We have not been able to."

"When were they locked up?"

"Yesterday evening at six o'clock."

"This is a very extraordinary state of things."

"It is, or I shouldn't have asked for instructions."

"It's now three o'clock in the afternoon. They've been without food for twenty-one hours. You've no right to keep them without food all that time."

"We are helpless. The construction of the night cells does not permit of our introducing food into the interior when the doors are closed."

"Have they been quiet?"

"They've been as quiet as under the circumstances was to be expected."

As they were crossing towards the north division the governor spoke again, —

"We've been able to get one man out."

"One! — out of the lot! How did you get him?"

"Oddly enough, the lock of his cell was the only one in the prison that had not been tampered with."

"Hum! I should like to see that man."

"His name's Mankell. He only came in yesterday. He's been pretending to magic powers — telling fortunes, and that kind of thing."

"Only came in yesterday? He's begun early. Perhaps we shall have to tell him what his fortune's likely to be."

When they reached the wards the keys were handed to the inspector, who in his turn tried his hand. A couple of locksmiths had been fetched up from the town. When the major had tried two or three of the locks it was enough for him. He turned to the makers of locks.

"What's the matter with these locks?"

"Well, that's exactly what we can't make out. The keys go in all right, but they won't turn. Seems as though somebody had been having a lark with them."

"Can't you pick them?"

"They're not easy locks to pick, but we'll have a try."

"Have a try!"

They had a try, but they tried in vain. As it happened, the cell, on which they



commenced operations was occupied by a gentleman who had had a considerable experience in picking locks,—experience which had ended in placing him on the other side that door. He derided the locksmiths through the door.

"Well, you are a couple of keen ones! What, can't pick the lock! Why, there ain't a lock in England I couldn't pick with a bent 'airpin. I only wish you was this side, starving like I am, and I was where you are, it wouldn't be a lock that would keep me from giving you food."

This was not the sort of language Major Hardinge was accustomed to hear from the average prisoner, but the major probably felt that on this occasion the candid proficient in the art of picking locks had a certain excuse. He addressed the baffled workmen.

"If you can't pick the lock, what can you do? The question is, what is the shortest way of getting inside that cell?"

"Get a watch-saw," cried the gentleman on the other side the door.

"And when you've got your watch-saw?" inquired the major.

"Saw the whole lock right clean away. Lor' bless me! I only wish I was where you are, I'd show you a thing or two. It's as easy as winking. Here's all us chaps a starving, all for want of a little hexperience!"

"A saw'll be no good," declared one of the locksmiths. "Neither a watch-saw nor any other kind of saw. How are you going to saw through those iron stanchions? You'll have to burst the door in, that's what it'll have to be."

"You won't find it an easy thing to do." This was from the governor.

"Why don't you take and blow the whole place up?" shouted a gentleman, also on the other side of the door, two or three cells off.

Long before this all the occupants of the corridor had been lending a very attentive ear to what was going on. The suggestion was received with roars of laughter. The major, however, preferred to act upon the workmen's advice. A sledge hammer was sent for.

While they were awaiting its arrival something rather curious happened—curious, that is, viewed in the light of what had gone before. Warder Slater formed one of the party. More for the sake of something to do than anything else, he put his key into the lock of the cell which was just in front of him. Giving it a gentle twist, to his amazement it turned with the greatest ease, and the door was open.

"Here's a go!" he exclaimed. "Blest if this door ain't come open."

There was a yell of jubilation all along the corridor. The prisoners seemed to be amused. The official party kept silence. Possibly their feelings were too deep for words.

"Since we've got this one open," said Warder Slater, "suppose we try another."

He tried another, the next; the same result followed,—the door was opened with the greatest of ease.

"What's the meaning of this?" spluttered the major. "Who's been playing this tomfoolery? I don't believe there's anything the matter with a lock in the place."

There did not seem to be, just then. For when the officers tried again they found no difficulty in unlocking the doors, and setting the prisoners free.

## II.

MAJOR HARDINGE remained in the jail that night. He stayed in the governor's house as Mr. Paley's guest. He expressed himself very strongly about the events of the day.

"I'll see the thing through if it takes me a week. The whole affair is incredible to me. It strikes me, Paley, that they've been making a fool of you."

The governor combed his hair with his fingers. His official manner had temporarily gone. He seemed depressed.

"I assure you the doors were locked."

"Of course the doors were locked, and they used the wrong keys to open them! It was a got-up thing."

"Not by the officers."

"By whom then? I don't see how the prisoners could have lent a hand."

"I know the officers, and I will answer for them, every man. As for the wrong keys being used, I know the keys as well as any one. I tried them, and not a lock would yield to me."

"But they did yield. What explanation have you to give of that?"

"I wish I could explain." And again the governor combed his hair.

"I'll have an explanation to-morrow!—you see if I don't!" But the major never did.

On the morrow, punctually at 6 A.M., an imposing procession started to unlock. There were the inspector, governor, chief warder, second warder, and the warder who carried the keys.

"I don't think we shall have much difficulty in getting the men out of their cells this time," remarked the major. They



did not. "Good — good God!" he spluttered, when they reached the corridor; "what — what on earth's the meaning of this?" He had predicted rightly. They would have no difficulty in getting the men out of their cells; they were out already — men, and bedding, and planks, and all. There was a man fast asleep in bed in front of each cell door.

"I thought I had given instructions that a special watch was to be kept all night," the major roared.

"So there has been," answered the chief warden, whose head and face and neck were purple. "Warder Slater here has only just gone off duty. Now, then, Slater, what's the meaning of this?"

"I don't know," protested Slater, whose mountain of flesh seemed quivering like jelly. "It's not a minute ago since I went to get my keys, and they was all inside their cells when I went down."

"Who let them out, then?"

The major glared at him, incredulity in every line of his countenance.

"I don't know. I'll swear it wasn't me."

"I suppose they let themselves out, then. You men!"

Although this short dialogue had been conducted by no means *sotto voce*, the noise did not seem to have had the slightest effect in rousing the prisoners out of slumber. Even when the major called to them they gave no sign.

"You men!" he shouted again; "it's no good shamming Abraham with me!" He stooped to shake the man who was lying on the plank at his feet. "Good — good God! The — the — man's not dead?"

"Dead!" cried the governor, kneeling by the major's side upon the stones.

The sleeper was very still. He was a man of some forty years of age, with nut-brown tangled hair and beard. If not a short-sentence man, he was still in the early stages of his term — for he lay on the bare boards of the plank with the rug, blanket, and sheet wrapped closely round him, so that they might take, as far as possible, the place of the coir mattress, which was not there. The bed was not a bed of comfort, yet his sleep was sound — strangely sound. If he breathed at all, it was so lightly as to be inaudible. On his face was that dazed, strained expression which we sometimes see on the faces of those who, without a moment's warning, have been suddenly visited by death.

"I don't think he's dead," the governor said. "He seems to be in some sort of trance. What's the man's name?"

"'Itchcock. He's one of the 'op-pickers. He's got a month."

It was Warder Slater who gave the information. The governor took the man by the shoulder, and tried to rouse him out of sleep.

"Hitchcock! Hitchcock! Come, wake up, my man! It's all right; he's coming to — he's waking up."

He did wake up, and that so suddenly as to take the party by surprise. He sprang upright on the plank, nothing on but an attenuated prison shirt, and glared at the officials with looks of unmistakable surprise.

"Hollo! What's up! What's the meaning of this?"

Major Hardinge replied, suspicion peeping from his eyes, —

"That is what we want to know, and what we intend to know, — what does it mean? Why aren't you in your cell?"

The man seemed for the first time to perceive where he was.

"Strike me lucky, if I ain't outside! Somebody must have took me out when I was asleep." Then, realizing in whose presence he was: "I beg your pardon, sir, but some one's took me out."

"The one who took you out took all the others too."

The major gave a side glance at Warder Slater. That intelligent officer seemed to be suffering agonies. The prisoner glanced along the corridor. "If all the blessed lot of 'em ain't out too!"

They were not only all out, but they were all in the same curiously trance-like sleep. Each man had to be separately roused, and each woke with the same startling, sudden bound. No one seemed more surprised to find themselves where they were than the men themselves. And this was not the case in one ward only, but in all the wards in the prison. No wonder the officials felt bewildered by the time they had gone the round.

"There's one thing certain," remarked Warder Slater to Warder Puffin, wiping the perspiration from his — Warder Slater's — brow — "if I let them out in one ward, I couldn't 'ardly let them out in all. Not to mention that I don't see how a man of my build's going to carry eight-and-forty men, bed, bedding, and all, out bodily, and that without disturbing one of them from sleep."

As the official party was returning through B ward, inspecting the men, who were standing at attention in their day cells, the officer in charge advanced to the governor.

"One man missing, sir! No. 27, sir! Mankell, sir!"

The chief warder started. If possible, he turned a shade more purple even than before.

"Fetch me the key of the night cells," he said.

It was brought. They went up-stairs — the major, the governor, the chief and second warders. Sure enough they found the missing man, standing at attention in his night cell, waiting to be let out, — the only man in the prison whom they had found in his place. The chief warder unlocked him. In silence they followed him as he went down-stairs.

When the major and Mr. Paley found themselves alone, both of them seemed a little bewildered.

"Well, major, what do you think of it now?"

"It's a got-up thing! I'll stake my life, it's a got-up thing!"

"What do you mean, — a got-up thing?"

"Some of the officers know more about it than they have chosen to say, — that man Slater, for instance. But I'll have the thing sifted to the bottom before I go. I never heard of anything more audacious in the whole of my career."

The governor smiled, but he made no comment on the major's observation. It was arranged that an inquiry should be held after chapel. During chapel a fresh subject was added to the list of those which already called for prompt inquiry.

Probably there is no more delicate and difficult position than that of a prison chaplain. If any man doubt this, let him step into a prison chaplain's shoes and see. He must have two faces, and each face must look in an exactly opposite way. The one towards authority — he is an official, an upholder of the law; the other towards the defiers of authority — he is the criminal's best friend. It requires the wisest of men to do his duty, so as to please both sides; and he *must* please both sides — or fail. As has already been hinted, Mr. Hewett, the chaplain of Canterstone Jail, was *not* the wisest of men. He was in the uncomfortable — but not uncommon — position of being disliked by both the rival houses. He meant well, but he was not an apt interpreter of his own meaning. He blundered, sometimes on the prisoners' toes, and sometimes on the toes of the officials. Before the service began, the governor thought of giving him a hint, not — in the course of it — to touch on the events of the last two

days. But previous hints of the same kind had not by any means been well received, and he refrained. Exactly what he feared would happen, happened. Both the inspector and the governor were present at the service. Possibly the chaplain supposed this to be an excellent opportunity of showing the sort of man he was, — one full of zeal. At any rate, before the service was over, before pronouncing the benediction, he came down to the altar-rail, in the way they knew so well. The governor, outwardly unruffled, inwardly groaned.

"I have something to say to you."

When he said this, those who knew him knew exactly what was coming; or they thought they did, for, for once in a way, they were grievously wrong. When the chaplain had got so far, he paused. It was his habit to indulge in these eloquent pauses, but it was not his habit to behave as he immediately did. While they were waiting for him to go on, almost forecasting the words he would use, a spasm seemed to go all over him, and he clutched the rail and spoke. And what he said was this, —

"Bust the screws and blast 'em!"

The words were shouted rather than spoken. In the very act of utterance he clung on to the rail as though he needed its support to enable him to stand. The chapel was intensely still. The men stared at him as though unable to believe their eyes and ears. The chaplain was noted for his little eccentricities, but it was the first time they had taken such a shape as this.

"That's not what I meant to say." The words came out with a gasp. Mr. Hewett put his hand up to his brow. "That's not what I meant to say."

He gave a frightened glance around. Suddenly his gaze became fixed, and he looked intently at some object right in front of him. His eyes assumed a dull and fish-like stare. He hung on to the rail, his surplised figure trembling as with palsy. Words fell from his lips with feverish volubility.

"What's the good of a screw, I'd like to know? Did you ever know one what was worth his salt? I never did. Look at that beast, Slater, great fat brute, what'd get a man three days bread-and-water as soon as look at him. A little bread and water'd do him good. Look at old Murray, — call a man like that chief warder. I wonder what a chief fat-head's like? As for the governor — as for the governor — as — for — the — governor —"

The chapel was in confusion. The officers rose in their seats. Mr. Paley stood up in his pew, looking whiter than he was wont to do. It seemed as though the chaplain was struggling with an unseen antagonist. He writhed and twisted, contending, as it were, with something—or some one—which appeared to be in front of him. His sentence remained unfinished. All at once he collapsed, and, sinking into a heap, lay upon the steps of the altar—still.

"Take the men out," said the governor's quiet voice.

The men were taken out. The schoolmaster was already at the chaplain's side. With him were two or three of the prisoners who sang in the choir. The governor and the inspector came and looked down at the senseless man.

"Seems to be in a sort of fit," the schoolmaster said.

"Let some one go and see if the doctor has arrived. Ask him to come up here at once." With that the governor left the chapel, the inspector going with him. "It's no good our staying. He'll be all right. I—I don't feel quite well."

Major Hardinge looked at him shrewdly out of the corner of his eyes. "Does he drink?"

"Not that I am aware of. I never heard of it before. I should say certainly not."

"Is he mad?"

"No-o—he has his peculiarities—but he certainly is not mad."

"Is he subject to fits?"

"I have not known of his having one before."

When they reached the office the major began to pace about.

"That chaplain of yours must be stark mad."

"If so, it is a very sudden attack."

"Did you hear what he said?"

"Very well indeed."

"Never heard such a thing in my life! Is he in the habit of using such language?"

"Hardly. Perhaps we had better leave it till we hear what the doctor says. Possibly there is some simple explanation. I am afraid the chaplain is unwell."

"If he isn't unwell, I don't know what he is. Upon my word, Paley, I can't congratulate you upon the figure Canterstone Jail has cut during the last few days. I don't know what sort of report I shall have to make."

The governor winced. When, a few minutes afterwards, the doctor entered, he began upon the subject at once.

"How is the chaplain, doctor?"

Dr. Livermore gave a curious glance about him. Then he shook hands with the inspector. Then he sat down. Taking off his hat, he wiped his brow.

"Well? Anything wrong?"

"The chaplain says he is bewitched."

The governor looked at the inspector, and the inspector looked at him.

"Bewitched?" said Mr. Paley.

"I told you the man was mad," the inspector muttered.

"Hush!" the doctor whispered. "Here he comes."

Even as he spoke the chaplain entered, leaning on the chief warder's arm. He advanced to the table at which the governor sat, looking Mr. Paley steadily in the face.

"Mr. Paley, I have to report to you that I have been bewitched."

"I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Hewett." He could not resist a smile. "Though I am afraid I do not understand exactly what you mean."

"It is no laughing matter." The chaplain's tone was cool and collected—more impressive than it was used to be. "The man whose name I believe is Oliver Mankell has bewitched me. He was the second man in the third row on my right-hand side in chapel. I could make out that his number was B 27. He cast on me a spell."

There was silence. Even the inspector felt that it was a delicate matter to accuse the chaplain outright of lunacy. An interruption came from an unexpected quarter—from the chief warder.

"It's my belief that man Mankell's been up to his games about those cells."

The interruption was the more remarkable, because there was generally war—not always passive—between the chief warder and the chaplain. Every one looked at Mr. Murray.

"What is this I hear about the cells?" asked Dr. Livermore.

The governor answered,—

"Yesterday the men were all locked in their night cells. This morning they were all locked out—that is, we found them all seemingly fast asleep, each man in front of his cell door."

"They were all locked in except one man, and that man was Mankell—and he was the only man who was not locked out." Thus the chief warder.

"And do you suggest," said the doctor, "that he had a finger in the pie?"

"It's my belief he did it all. Directly I set eyes upon the man I knew there was

something about him I couldn't quite make out. He did it all. Have you heard, sir, how he came to the gate?"

Mr. Murray was, in general, a reticent man. It was not his way to express decided opinions in the presence of authorities, or indeed of any one else. Mr. Paley, who knew his man, eyed him with curiosity.

"What was there odd about that?"

"Why, instead of the constable bringing him, it was him who brought the constable. When they opened the gate there was him with the policeman over his shoulder."

In spite of Mr. Murray's evident earnestness, there were some of his hearers who were unable to repress a smile.

"Do you mean that the constable was drunk?"

"That's the queer part of it. It was John Mitchell. I've known him for two-and-twenty years. I never knew him have a glass too much before. I saw him soon afterwards—he was all right then. He said he had only had three half-pints. He was quite himself till he got near the gate, when all of a sudden he went queer all over."

"Possibly the ale was drugged," suggested the doctor.

"I don't know nothing about that, but I do know that the same hand that played that trick was the same hand that played the tricks with the cells."

"Consider a moment what you are saying, Murray. How are three hundred locks to be tampered with in the middle of the night by a man who is himself a prisoner? One moment. But even that is nothing compared to the feat of carrying three hundred men fast asleep in bed—bed and all—through three hundred closed doors, under the very noses of the officers on guard,—think of doing all that single-handed!"

"It was witchcraft."

When the chief warden said this, Major Hardinge exploded.

"Witchcraft! The idea of the chief warden of an English prison talking about witchcraft at this time of day! It's quite time you were superannuated, sir."

"The man, Mankell, certainly bewitched me."

"Bewitched you!" As the major faced the chaplain he seemed to find it difficult to restrain his feelings. "May I ask what sort of idea you mean to convey by saying he bewitched you?"

"I will explain so far as I am able." The chaplain paused to collect his

thoughts. All eyes were fixed upon him. "I intended to say something to the men touching the events of yesterday and this morning. As I came down to the altar-rail I was conscious of a curious sensation—as though I was being fascinated by a terrible gaze which was burning into my brain. I managed to pronounce the first few words. Involuntarily looking round, I met the eyes of the man Mankell. The instant I did so I was conscious that something had passed from him to me, something that made my tongue his slave. Against my will my tongue uttered the words you heard. Struggling with all my might, I momentarily regained the exercise of my own will. It was only for a moment, for in an instant he had mastered me again. Although I continued to struggle, my tongue uttered the words he bade it utter, until I suppose my efforts to repel his dominion brought on a kind of fit. That he laid on me a spell I am assured."

There was a pause when the chaplain ceased. That he had made what he supposed to be a plain and simple statement of facts was evident. But then the facts were remarkable ones. It was the doctor who broke the silence.

"Suppose we have the man in here, so that we can put him through his facings?"

The governor stroked his beard.

"What are you going to say to him? You can hardly charge him with witchcraft. He is here because he has been pretending to magic powers."

The doctor started.

"No! Is that so? Then I fancy we have the case in a nutshell. The man is what old-fashioned people used to call a mesmerist—hypnotism they call it nowadays, and all sorts of things."

"But mesmerism won't explain the cells!"

"I'm not so sure of that—at any rate, it would explain the policeman who was suddenly taken queer. Let's have the man in here."

"The whole thing is balderdash," said the major with solemnity. "I am surprised, as a man of sane and healthy mind, to hear such stuff talked in an English prison of to-day."

"At least there will be no harm in our interviewing Mr. Mankell. Murray, see that they send him here." The chief warden departed to do the governor's bidding. Mr. Paley turned to the chaplain. "According to you, Mr. Hewett, we are subjecting ourselves to some personal risk by bringing him here. Is that so?"

"You may smile, Mr. Paley, but you may find it no laughing matter after all. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in man's philosophy."

"You don't mean to say," burst out the major, "that you, a man of education, a clergyman, chaplain of an English prison, believe in witchcraft?"

"It is not a question of belief—it is a question of fact. That the man cast on me a spell, I am well assured. Take care that he does not do the same to you."

The governor smiled. The doctor laughed. The enormity of the suggestion kept the major tongue-tied till Mankell appeared.

### III.

ALTHOUGH Mankell was ushered in by the chief warder, he was in actual charge of Warder Slater. The apartment into which he was shown was not that in which prisoners ordinarily interviewed the governor. There a cord, stretched from wall to wall, divided the room nearly in half. On one side stood the prisoner, with the officer in charge of him; on the other sat the governor. Here there was no cord. The room—which was a small one—contained a single table. At one end sat Mr. Paley, on his right sat Major Hardinge, the chaplain stood at his left, and just behind the major sat Dr. Livermore. Mankell was told to stand at the end which faced the governor. A momentary pause followed his entrance—all four pairs of eyes were examining his countenance. He for his part bore himself quite easily, *his* eyes being fixed upon the governor, and about the corners of his lips hovered what was certainly more than the suspicion of a smile.

"I have sent for you," Mr. Paley began, "because I wish to ask you a question. You understand that I make no charge against you, but—do you know who has been tampering with the locks of the cells?"

The smile was unmistakable now. It lighted up his saturnine visage, suggesting that here was a man who had an eye—possibly almost too keen an eye—for the ridiculous. But he gave no answer.

"Do you hear my question, Mankell? Do you know who has been tampering with the locks of the cells?"

Mankell extended his hands with a little graceful gesture which smacked of more southern climes.

"How shall I tell you?"

"Tell the truth, sir, and don't treat us to any of your high faluting."

This remark came from the major—not in too amiable a tone of voice.

"But in this land it would seem that truth is a thing that wise men shun. It is for telling the truth that I am here."

"We don't want any of your insolence, my man! Answer the governor's question if you don't want to be severely punished. Do you know who has been playing hanky-panky with the cells?"

"Spirits of the air."

As he said this Mankell inclined his head and looked at the major with laughter in his eyes.

"Spirits of the air! What the devil do you mean by spirits of the air?"

"Ah! what do I mean? To tell *you* that," laying a stress upon the pronoun, "would take a year."

"The fellow's an insolent scoundrel," spluttered the major.

"Come, Mankell, that won't do," struck in Mr. Paley. "Do I understand you to say that you do know something about the matter?"

"Know!" The man drew himself up, laying the index finger of his right hand upon the table with a curiously impressive air. "What is there that I do not know?"

"I see. You still pretend, then, to the possession of magic powers?"

"Pretend!" Mankell laughed. He stretched out his hands in front of him with what seemed to be his favorite gesture, and laughed—in the face of the authorities.

"Suppose you give us an example of your powers?"

The suggestion came from the doctor. The major exploded.

"Don't talk stuff and nonsense! Give the man three days' bread and water. That is what he wants."

"You do not believe in magic, then?" Mankell turned to the major with his laughing eyes.

"What's it matter to you what I believe? You may take my word for it that I don't believe in impudent mountebanks like you."

The only reply Mankell gave was to raise his hand—if that might be called a reply—in the way we sometimes do when we call for silence, and there was silence in the room. All eyes were fixed upon the prisoner. He looked each man in turn steadily in the face. Then, still serenely smiling, he gently murmured, "If you please."

There still was silence, but only for a moment. It was broken by Warder



Slater. That usually decorous officer tilted his cap to the back of his head, and thrust his hands into his breeches pockets — hardly the regulation attitude in the presence of superiors.

"I should blooming well like to know what this means! 'Ere have I been in this 'ere jail eleven years, and I've never been accused before of letting men out of their night cells, let alone their beds and bedding, and I don't like it, so I tell you straight."

The chief warden turned with automatic suddenness towards the unexpectedly and unusually plain-spoken officer.

"Slater, you're a fool!"

"I'm not the only one in the place! There's more fools here besides me, and some of them bigger ones as well!"

While these compliments were being exchanged, the higher officials sat mutely looking on. When the chief warden seemed at a loss for an answer, the chaplain volunteered a remark. He addressed himself to Warden Slater.

"It's my opinion that the governor's a bigger fool than you are, and that the inspector's a still bigger fool than he is."

"And it's my belief, Mr. Hewett," observed the doctor, "that you're the biggest fool of all."

"It would serve him right," remarked the governor quietly, "if somebody were to knock him down."

"Knock him down! I should think it would — and kick him too!"

As he said this the major glared at the chaplain with threatening eyes.

There was silence again, broken by Warden Slater taking off his cap and then his tunic, which he folded up carefully and placed upon the floor, and then turning his shirt-sleeves up above his elbows, revealing as he did so a pair of really gigantic arms.

"If any man says I let them men out of the cells, I'm ready to fight that man, either for a gallon of beer or nothing. I don't care if it's the inspector, or who it is."

"I suspect," declared the chaplain, "that the inspector's too great a coward to take you on, but if he does I'm willing to back Slater for half-a-crown. I am even prepared to second him."

Putting his hands under his coat-tails, the chaplain looked up at the ceiling with a resolute air.

"If you do fight Slater, Hardinge, I should certainly commence by giving the chaplain a punch in the eye."

So saying, the governor leaned back in

his chair, and began drumming on the table with the tips of his fingers. The doctor rose from his seat. He gave the inspector a hearty slap upon the back.

"Give him beans!" he cried. "You ought to be able to knock an over-fed animal like Slater into the middle of next week before he's counted five."

"I've no quarrel with Slater," the inspector growled, "and I've no intention of fighting him; but as the chaplain seems to be so anxious for a row, I'll fight him with the greatest pleasure."

"If there's goin' to be any fighting," interposed the chief warden, "don't you think I'd better get a couple of sponges and a pail of water?"

"I don't know about the sponges," said the governor; "I don't fancy you will find any just at hand. But you might get a pail of water, I think."

The chief warden left the room.

"I'm not a fighting man," the chaplain announced; "and in any case, I should decline to soil my hands by touching such an ill-mannered ruffian as Major Hardinge."

"I say," exclaimed the doctor, "Hardinge, you're not going to stand that?"

The major sprang from his seat, tore off his coat, and flung it on to the ground with considerably less care than Warden Slater had done. He strode up to the chaplain.

"Beg my pardon, or take a licking!"

The major clenched his fists. He assumed an attitude which, if not exactly reminiscent of the pets of the fancy, was at least intended to be pugilistic. The chaplain did not flinch.

"You dare to lay a finger on me, you bullying blackguard."

The major did dare. He struck out, if not with considerable science, at any rate with considerable execution. The chaplain went down like a log. At that moment the chief warden entered the room. He had a pail of water in his hand. For some reason, which was not altogether plain, he threw its contents upon the chaplain as he lay upon the floor.

While these — considering the persons engaged — somewhat irregular proceedings had been taking place, Mankell remained motionless, his hand upraised, — still with that smile upon his face. Now he lowered his hand.

"Thank you very much," he said.

There was silence again, — a tolerably prolonged silence. While it lasted, a change seemed to be passing over the chief actors in the scene. They seemed to be awaking, with more or less rapidity,

to the fact that a certain incongruity characterized their actions and their language. There stood Warder Slater, apparently surprised and overwhelmed at the discovery that his hat and coat were off, and his shirt-sleeves tucked up above his elbows. The chief warder, with the empty pail in his hand, presented a really ludicrous picture of amazement. He seemed quite unable to realize the fact that he had thrown the contents over the chaplain. The inspector's surprise appeared to be no less on finding that, in his pugilistic ardor, he had torn off his coat, and knocked the chaplain down. The doctor, supporting him in the rear, seemed to be taken a little aback. The governor, smoothing his hair with his hand, seemed to be in a hopeless mist. It was the chaplain, who rose from the floor with his handkerchief to his nose, who brought it home to them that the scene which had just transpired had not been the grotesque imaginings of some waking dream.

"I call you to witness that Major Hardinge has struck me to the ground, and the chief warder has thrown on me a pail of water. What conduct may be expected from ignorant criminals when such is the behavior of those who are in charge of them, must be left for others to judge."

They looked at one another. Their feelings were momentarily too deep for words.

"I think," suggested the governor, with quavering intonation, "I think—that this man—had better—be taken away."

Warder Slater picked up his hat and coat, and left the room, Mankell walking quietly beside him. Mr. Murray followed after, seeming particularly anxious to conceal the presence of the pail. Mr. Hewett, still stanching the blood which flowed from his nose, fixed his eyes on the inspector.

"Major Hardinge, if, twenty-four hours after this, you are still an inspector of prisons, all England shall ring with your shame. Behind bureaucracy—above it—is the English press." The chaplain moved towards the door. On the threshold he paused. "As for the chief warder, I shall commence by indicting him for assault." He took another step, and paused again. "Nor shall I forget that the governor aided and abetted the inspector, and that the doctor egged him on."

Then the chaplain disappeared. His disappearance was followed by what might be described as an abject silence. The governor eyed his colleagues furtively. At last he stammered out a question.

"Well major, what do you think of this?"

The major sank into a chair, expressing his thoughts by a gasp. Mr. Paley turned his attention to the doctor.

"What do you say, doctor?"

"I say?—I say nothing."

"I suppose," murmured the major, in what seemed to be the ghost of his natural voice, "that I did knock him down?"

The doctor seemed to have something to say on that point, at any rate.

"Knock him down!—I should think you did! Like a log of wood!"

The major glanced at the governor. Mr. Paley shook his head. The major groaned. The governor began to be a little agitated.

"Something must be done. It is out of the question that such a scandal should be allowed to go out into the world. I do not hesitate to say that if the chaplain sends in to the commissioners the report which he threatens to send, the situation will be to the last degree unpleasant for all of us."

"The point is," observed the doctor,—"are we, collectively and individually, subject to periodical attacks of temporary insanity?"

"Speaking for myself, I should say certainly not."

Dr. Livermore turned on the governor.

"Then perhaps you will suggest a hypothesis which will reasonably account for what has just occurred." The governor was silent. "Unless you are prepared to seek for a cause in the regions of phenomena."

"Supposing," murmured the major, "there is such a thing as witchcraft after all?"

"We should have the Psychical Research Society down on us, if we had nobody else, if we appended our names to a confession of faith." The doctor thrust his thumbs into his waistcoat arm-holes. "And I should lose every patient I have."

There was a tapping at the door. In response to the governor's invitation, the chief warder entered. In general there was in Mr. Murray's bearing a not distant suggestion of an inflated bantam-cock or pouter-pigeon. It was curious to observe how anything in the shape of inflation was absent now. He touched his hat as he addressed the governor,—his honest, rubicund, somewhat pugnacious face, eloquent of the weight that was on his mind.

"Excuse me, sir. I said he was a witch."

"Your saying that he was a witch—or wizard," remarked the governor dryly,

"will not, I fear, be sufficient excuse, in the eyes of the commissioners, for your throwing a pail of water over the chaplain."

"But a man's not answerable for what he does when he's bewitched," persisted the chief warder, with characteristic sturdiness.

"It is exactly that reflection which has constrained me to return."

They looked up. There was the chaplain standing in the door—still with his handkerchief to his nose.

"Mr. Murray, you threw a pail of water over me. If you assert that you did it under the influence of witchcraft, I, who have myself been under a spell, am willing to excuse you."

"Mr. Hewett, sir, you yourself know I was bewitched."

"I do; as I believe it of myself. Murray, give me your hand." The chaplain and the chief warder solemnly shook hands. "There is an end of the matter as it concerns us two. Major Hardinge, do I understand you to assert that you too were under the influence of witchcraft?"

This was rather a delicate inquiry to address to the major. Apparently the major seemed to find it so.

"I don't know about witchcraft," he growled; "but I am prepared to take my oath in any court in England that I had no more intention of striking you than I had of striking the moon."

"That is sufficient, Major Hardinge. I forgive you from my heart. Perhaps you too will take my hand."

The major took it, — rather awkwardly, — much more awkwardly than the chief warder had done. When the chaplain relinquished it, he turned aside, and picking up his coat, began to put it on, — scarcely with that air of dignity which is proper to a prison inspector.

"I presume," continued Mr. Hewett, "that we all allow that what has occurred has been owing to the malign influence of the man Oliver Mankell?"

There was silence. Apparently they did not all allow it even yet; it was a pill to swallow.

"Hypnotism," muttered the doctor, half aside.

"Hypnotism! I believe that the word simply expresses some sort of mesmeric power — hardly a sufficient explanation in the present case."

"I would suggest, Major Hardinge," interposed the governor, "all theorizing aside, that the man be transferred to an-

other prison at the earliest possible moment."

"He shall be transferred to-morrow," affirmed the major. "If there is anything in Mr. Hewett's suggestion, the fellow shall have a chance to prove it—in some other jail. Oh, good Lord! Don't! He's killing me! Help—p!"

"Hardinge!" exclaimed the doctor; "what's the matter now?"

There seemed to be something the matter. The major had been delivering himself in his most pompously official manner. Suddenly he put his hands to the pit of his stomach, and began to cry out as if in an ecstasy of pain, his official manner altogether gone.

"He'll murder me! I know he will!"

"Murder you? Who?"

"Mankell."

"Oddly enough, I too was conscious of a very curious sensation."

As he said this, the governor wiped the cold dew of perspiration from his brow. He seemed unnaturally white. As he adjusted his spectacles, there was an odd tremulous appearance about his eyes.

"It was because you spoke of transferring him to some other jail." The chaplain's tone was solemn. "He dislikes the idea of being trifled with."

The major resented the suggestion.

"Trifled with? He seems uncommonly fond of trifling with other people. Confound the man! Oh—h!"

The major sprang from the floor with an exclamation which amounted to a positive yell. They looked each other in the face. Each man seemed a little paler than his wont.

"Something must be done," the governor gasped.

The chaplain made a proposition.

"I propose that we summon him into our presence, and inquire of him what he wishes us to do."

The proposition was not received with acclamation. They probably felt that a certain amount of complication might be expected to ensue if such inquiries began to be addressed to prisoners.

"I think I'll go my rounds," observed the doctor. "This matter scarcely concerns me. I wish you gentlemen well out of it."

He reached out his hand to take his hat, which he had placed upon a chair. As he did so, the hat disappeared, and a small brown terrier dog appeared in its place. The dog barked viciously at the outstretched hand. The doctor started back just in time to escape its teeth. The

dog disappeared—there was the hat again. The appearance was but momentary, but it was none the less suggestive on that account. The doctor seemed particularly affected.

"We must have all been drinking, if we are taking to seeing things," he cried.

"I think," suggested the chaplain, almost in a whisper, "that we had better inquire what it is he wishes us to do." There was silence. "We—we have all clear consciences. There—there is no reason why we should be afraid."

"We're—we're not afraid," gasped the governor. "I—I don't think you are entitled to infer such a thing."

The major stammeringly supported him.

"Of—of course we—we're not afraid. The—the idea is preposterously absurd."

"Still," said the doctor, "a man doesn't care to have hanky-panky tricks played with a man's top hat."

There was a pause—of considerable duration. It was again broken by the chaplain.

"Don't you think, Mr. Paley, that we had better send for this man?" Apparently Mr. Paley did.

"Murray," he said, "go and see that he is sent here."

Mr. Murray went, not too willingly—still he went.

#### IV.

OLIVER MANKELL was again in the charge of Warder Slater. Warder Slater looked very queer indeed,—he actually seemed to have lost in bulk. The same phenomenon was observable in the chief warder, who followed close upon the prisoner's heels.

Mankell seemed, as ever, completely at his ease. There was again a suspicion of a smile in his eyes and about the corners of his lips. His bearing was in striking contrast to that of the officials. His self-possession in the presence of their evident uneasiness gave him the appearance, in a sense, of being a giant among pigmies; yet the major, at least, was in every way a bigger man than he was. There was silence as he entered, a continuation of that silence which had prevailed until he came. The governor fumbled with a paper-knife which was in front of him. The inspector, leaning forward in his chair, seemed engrossed by his boots. The doctor kept glancing, perhaps unconsciously, at his hat. The chaplain, though conspicuously

uneasy, seemed to have his wits about him most. It was he who, temporarily usurping the governor's functions, addressed the prisoner.

"Your name is Oliver Mankell?" The prisoner merely smiled. "You are sentenced to three months' hard labor?" The prisoner smiled again. "For—for pretending to tell fortunes?" The smile became pronounced. The chaplain cleared his throat. "Oliver Mankell, I am a clergyman. I know that there are such things as good and evil. I know that, for causes which are hidden from me, the Almighty may permit evil to take visible shape and walk abroad upon the earth; but I also know that, though evil may destroy my body, it cannot destroy my soul."

The chaplain pulled up. His words and manner, though evidently sincere, were not particularly impressive. While they evidently had the effect of increasing his colleagues' uneasiness, they only had the effect of enlarging the prisoner's smile. When he was about to continue the governor interposed.

"I think, Mr. Hewett, if you will permit me. Mankell, I am not a clergyman." The prisoner's smile almost degenerated into a grin. "I have sent for you, for the second time this morning, to ask you frankly if you have any reason to complain of your treatment here?" The prisoner stretched out his hands with his familiar gesture. "Have you any complaint to make? Is there anything, within the range of the prison rules, you would wish me to do for you?" Again the hands went out. "Then tell me, quite candidly, what is the cause of your behavior?"

When the governor ceased, the prisoner seemed to be resolving in his mind what answer he should make. Then, inclining his head with that almost saturnine grace, if one may coin a phrase, which seemed to accompany every movement he made,—

"Sir, what have I done?" he asked.

"Eh—eh—we—we won't dwell upon that. The—the question is, What did you do it for?"

"It is perhaps within your recollection, sir, that I have my reputation to redeem, my character to reinstate."

"Your character? What do you mean?"

"In the first interview with which you favored me, I ventured to observe that it would be my endeavor, during my sojourn within these walls, to act upon the advice the magistrate tendered me."

"What"—the governor rather faltered—"what advice was that?"

"He said I claimed to be a magician. He advised me, for my character's sake, to prove it during my sojourn here."

"I see. And—you're trying to prove it—for your character's sake?"

"For my character's sake! But I am but beginning, you perceive."

"Oh, you're but beginning! You call this but beginning, do you? May I ask if you have any intention of going on?"

"Oh, sir, I have still nearly the whole three months in front of me! Until my term expires I shall go on, with gathering strength, unto the end."

As he said this Mankell drew himself up in such a way that it almost seemed as though some inches were added to his stature.

"You will, will you? Well, you seem to be a pleasant kind of man!" The criticism seemed to have been extracted from the governor almost against his will. He looked round upon his colleagues with what could only be described as a ghastly grin. "Have you any objection, Mankell, to being transferred to another prison?"

"Sir!" the prisoner's voice rang out, and his hearers started—perceptibly. Perhaps that was because their nerves were already so disorganized. "It is here I was sent, it is here I must remain—until the end."

The governor took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow.

"I am bound to tell you, Mankell, judging from the experiences of the last two days, if this sort of thing is to continue—with gathering strength!—the end will not be long."

The prisoner seemed lost in reflection. The officials seemed lost in reflection too; but their reflections were probably of a different kind.

"There is one suggestion I might offer."

"Let's have it by all means. We have reached a point at which we shall be glad to receive any suggestion—from you."

"You might give me a testimonial."

"Give you what?"

"You might give me a testimonial."

The governor looked at the prisoner, then at his friends.

"A testimonial! Might we, indeed! What sort of testimonial do you allude to?"

"You might testify that I had regained my reputation, redeemed my character,—that I had proved to your entire satisfaction that I was the magician I claimed to be."

The governor leaned back in his seat.

"Your suggestion has at least the force

of novelty. I should like to search the registers of remarkable cases, to know if such an application has ever been made to the governor of an English jail before. What do you say, Hardinge?"

The major shuffled in his chair.

"I—I think I must return to town."

The prisoner smiled. The major winced.

"That—that fellow's pinned me to my chair," he gasped. He appeared to be making futile efforts to rise from his seat.

"You cannot return to town. Dismiss the idea from your mind."

The major only groaned. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow. The governor looked up from the paper-knife with which he was again trifling.

"Am I to understand that the testimonial is to take the shape of a voluntary offering?"

"Oh, sir! Of what value is a testimonial which is not voluntary?"

"Quite so. How do you suggest it should be worded?"

"May I ask you for paper, pens, and ink?"

The prisoner bent over the table and wrote on the paper which was handed him. What he had written he passed to the governor. Mr. Paley found inscribed, in a beautifully fair round hand, as clear as copperplate, the following "testimonial":—

"The undersigned persons present their compliments to Colonel Gregory. Oliver Mankell, sentenced by Colonel Gregory to three months' hard labor, has been in Canterstone Jail two days. That short space of time has, however, convinced them that Colonel Gregory acted wrongly in distrusting his magic powers, and so casting a stain upon his character. This is to testify that he has proved, to the entire satisfaction of the undersigned inspector of prisons and officials of Canterstone Jail, that he is a magician of quite the highest class."

"The signatures of all those present should be placed at the bottom," observed the prisoner, as the governor was reading the "testimonial."

Apparently at a loss for words with which to comment upon the paper he had read, the governor handed it to the inspector. The major shrunk from taking it.

"I—I'd rather not," he mumbled.

"I think you'd better read it," said the governor. Thus urged, the major did read it.

"Good Lord!" he gasped, and passed it to the doctor.



The doctor silently, having read it, passed it to the chaplain.

"I will read it aloud," said Mr. Hewett. He did so—for the benefit, probably, of Slater and Mr. Murray.

"Supposing we were to sign that document, what would you propose to do with it?" inquired the governor.

"I should convey it to Colonel Gregory."

"Indeed! In that case he would have as high an opinion of our characters as of yours. And yourself,—what sort of action might we expect from you?"

"I should go."

The governor's jaw dropped.

"Go? Oh, would you!"

"My character regained, for what have I to stop?"

"Exactly. What have you? There's that point of view, no doubt. Well, Mankell, we will think the matter over."

The prisoner dropped his hands to his sides, looking the governor steadily in the face.

"Sir, I conceive that answer to convey a negative. The proposition thus refused will not be made again. It only remains for me to continue earnestly my endeavors to retrieve my character—until the three months are at an end."

The chaplain was holding the testimonial loosely between his finger and thumb. Stretching out his arm, Mankell pointed at it with his hand. It was immediately in flames. The chaplain releasing it, it was consumed to ashes before it reached the floor. Returning to face the governor again, the prisoner laid his right hand, palm downwards, on the table: "Spirits of the air, in whose presence I now stand, I ask you if I am not justified in whatever I may do?"

His voice was very musical. His upturned eyes seemed to pierce through the ceiling to what there was beyond. The room grew darker. There was a rumbling in the air. The ground began to shake. The chaplain, who was caressing the hand which had been scorched by the flames, burst out with what was for him a passionate appeal,—

"Mr. Mankell, you are over hasty. I was about to explain that I should esteem it quite an honor to sign your testimonial."

"So should I—upon my soul, I should!" declared the major.

"There's nothing I wouldn't do to oblige you, Mr. Mankell," stammered the chief warder.

"Same 'ere!" cried Warder Slater.

"You really are too rapid in arriving at

conclusions, Mr. Mankell," remarked the governor. "I do beg you will not suppose there was any negative intention."

The darkness, the rumbling, and the shaking ceased as suddenly as they began. The prisoner smiled.

"Perhaps I was too hasty," he confessed. "It is an error which can easily be rectified."

He raised his hand. A piece of paper fluttered from the ceiling. It fell upon the table. It was the testimonial.

"Your signature, Major Hardinge, should head the list."

"I—I—I'd rather somebody else signed first."

"That would never do; it is for you to lead the van. You are free to leave your seat."

The major left his seat, apparently not rejoicing in his freedom. He wrote "William Hardinge" in great sprawling characters.

"Add 'Inspector of Prisons.'"

The major added "Inspector of Prisons," with a very rueful countenance.

"Mr. Paley, it is your turn."

Mr. Paley took his turn, with a really tolerable imitation of being both ready and willing. Acting on the hint which had been given the major, he added "Governor" of his own accord.

"Now, doctor, it is you."

The doctor thrust his hands into his trousers' pockets. "I'll sign, if you'll tell me how it is done."

"Tell you how it is done? How what is done?"

"How you do that hanky-panky, of course."

"Hanky-panky!" The prisoner drew himself straight up. "Is it possible that you suspect me of hanky-panky? Yes, sir, I will show you how it's done. If you wish it, you shall be torn asunder where you stand."

"Thank you,—you needn't trouble. I'll sign."

He signed. When the chaplain had signed, he shook his head and sighed.

"I always placed a literal interpretation on the twenty-eighth chapter of the first book of Samuel. It is singular how my faith is justified!"

The chief warder placed his spectacles upon his nose, where they seemed uneasy, and made quite a business of signing. And such was Warder Slater's agitation, that he could scarcely sign at all. But at last the "testimonial" was complete. The prisoner smiled as he carefully folded it in two.

"I will convey it to Colonel Gregory," he said. "It is a gratification to me to have been able to retrieve my character in so short a space of time."

They watched him—a little spell-bound, perhaps; and as they watched him, even before their eyes—behold, he was gone!

RICHARD MARSH.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
A VISIT TO A GREAT ESTATE.

I BELIEVE that Norway is generally regarded as being *the country, par excellence*, of small proprietors, and that it is about the last place where most people would think of looking for a great estate; that is to say, a freehold estate of immense extent, on which all the residents are tenants of the owner; for I do not use the term "great" in relation to productiveness or revenue, but merely to size. And yet there in that kingdom territorial holdings as extensive as any to be found elsewhere in Europe, with titles of considerable antiquity transmitted through families which, although powerful and wealthy under the old Danish rule, have in many cases become extinct and forgotten. To such an estate, the subject of several vicissitudes, I had the good fortune to pay a visit last year. I say the good fortune, because it proved to be a region of exceptionally fine and occasionally magnificent scenery, never commonplace, and of great variety; with solemn, sequestered vales brightened here and there by homestead and clearing, and gleams of purely pastoral life; with vast, utterly desolate tracts of forest and fjeld; grand mountain masses, snowfields, and glaciers; noble rivers and sheets of water; in short, with all physical features to delight the eye of a lover of nature and a sportsman. It had the charm, moreover, of being all but unknown to compatriots who might claim to be either the one or the other, and altogether so to the tourist pure and simple. During my visit I considered myself as the representative of all three classes, and as such I propose to give a sketch of my tripartite experiences.

The one character which I must decline to assume is that of the genuine explorer. I am obliged to make this apparently superfluous statement in consequence of some very misleading paragraphs which appeared last summer in some of the daily and weekly papers, representing that I and my companion, Mr. J. Y. Sargent, were engaged in an official exploration of a por-

tion of Norway which, after depopulation by the "black death" or plague, had relapsed for a great number of years into an wholly uninhabited and forgotten wilderness, tenanted only by game and wild beasts, and had been bought by a company that had little or no knowledge of its interior or capabilities. These paragraphs found their way into the Norwegian press; were copied, not without sarcastic editorial comment, into the minor local journals that somehow contrive to penetrate to the remotest corners of the most secluded glens, and confronted us in all their absurdity in the comfortable dwellings of the extinct population, as well as in the luxurious villa-hotels of the company whose foremost pioneers we were represented to be!

I feel sure that the sympathetic reader who realizes the awkward comicality of this position will pardon at the outset my digressive repudiation of the idea that we claimed to be a couple of Scandinavian Stanleys. But although the notion of serious exploration and discovery in northern Europe is nowadays absurd, I take it that some interest attaches to any portion of the earth's surface where it is possible to meet a middle-aged or elderly person who has never seen an Englishman before; and such a person, a respectable female peasant, whose character for veracity has never, to my knowledge, been impeached, did I meet, as shall be duly recorded in its place, on the shores of the great lake, Rösösvand.

I must formally introduce the scene of our holiday ramble. The so-called Vefsen estate of the North of Europe Land Company is a tract of country lying between latitudes 65° and 66°, the lines of which just contain it. Its lower boundary almost coincides with that of the "amt" or province of Nordland; its northernmost point is about thirty English miles short of the Arctic circle. At its widest, the southern portion stretches from the mountain frontier line of Sweden to within a moderate distance of the extremity of the narrow fjords on the coast. It embraces the heart of the romantic district of Helgeland, the Halogaland of very ancient history, home of giants, witches, vikings, and heroes of great renown in their day, but whose doings, fabulous and otherwise, do not for the present concern us, and are they not written in the chronicles of the kings of Norway? For obvious reasons these good people preferred to live as near the seaboard as possible, and up-country one meets with few traces of their remote ex-

istence. The area of this property is, roughly speaking, some two thousand square miles, or say, thirteen hundred thousand acres. It lies in the parishes of Vefsen and Hatfjelldal, and the bailiwicks of northern and southern Helgeland. I have found it strangely difficult to obtain information about its early modern history. There seems to be no doubt as to its having been inhabited by a race of ordinary mortals before the appearance of the "Sortedöd" or black death in Norway, and that by that dreadful pestilence it was quite depopulated — all the inhabitants perished or fled. But at the commencement of the eighteenth century settlers, probably the descendants of the survivors, began to return, until the land was again sparsely inhabited. How or why or at what exact date this enormous region became private freehold property, I have, despite many inquiries, failed as yet to ascertain, but still hope to solve the interesting mystery; it was probably, like other great Nordland estates, a grant from the crown, under the Danish rule. I have, however, been informed that in 1865 it was purchased by a syndicate from the representative of the family which had then obtained possession of it. With its immense forests, it must have been originally a valuable property, and for many years undoubtedly yielded an enormous supply of timber, floated down to the port of Mosjøen on the Vefsen Fjord. The decaying lumber-dams which the wanderer finds at the head of every mountain stream and the outlet of every lake, and the moss-grown stumps of the great pine-trees, are now the sole remaining evidences of this period, for the kindly birch has sprung up luxuriantly and concealed the ravages of the axe, and but for these few signs the existing woodlands, dense, silent, and universal, might well be accepted as the primeval growth. So rapid and complete has been the repair of nature and of time.

The substitution of birchen for pine forest must have radically altered the whole aspect of the country, and the exchange has probably worked greatly to the advantage of the scenery. The pine, of course, still exists, and in the lapse of years may in some measure reassert its sway, but for the present "the lady of the woods" is dominant. Now there is a certain majesty about an unbroken pine forest, but it is apt to become monotonous and gloomy; whereas a rolling woodland of birch, with pine interspersed here and there, imparts to scenery like that of Vef-

sen a peculiar tenderness, which the noble backgrounds of crag and snow and stern moorland prevent from degenerating into tameness. Moreover, there is no tree of northern climes that margins water so beautifully as the birch, with its delicate, pendant verdure and pearly stem; and when the sere foliage burns before death into all the hues of a golden sunset, the beauty, in reality and reflection, becomes a double splendor.

When there was no longer any pine timber to cut, and mining operations had proved a failure, the property was again dealt with more than once, and passed eventually into the hands of the present North of Europe Land Company, which has built in admirably chosen positions two villa-hotels, those of Svenningdal and Fjeldebækmo, and made nearly up to the former an excellent road, a branch one to the single government highway that winds across the centre of the estate, and connects Mosjøen on the coast with the inland village, church, and post-office of Hatfjelldal. This highway was not completed, I believe, until past the middle of the present century. Up to that time the inhabitants were, or had to be, content with bridle-paths or rough cart-tracks as lines of communication. The lateral valleys still possess only these aboriginal thoroughfares, and the great lake, Røsvand, the glory of Helgeland, is approachable only by mere trails through the forest or across the fjeld.

I was nearly heading this article Røsvand. That magnificent lake, within little more than a week's continuous travel from England, in the heart of tourist-burdened Norway, and yet fenced off to this day from the outer world by its belt of wilderness; sustaining on its banks a scanty tribe of primitive settlers, beyond the bounds of the penny or twopenny-half-penny post; with its waters full of fish, with its birch-copses and hillsides affording just the sport which most delights me as a "wild shooter" — that lake, I say, so fascinated me that I should like to write of nothing else. But if my heart be really there, justice and gratitude demand that I should not altogether pass over the attractions, and they were many, of the more easily accessible and more civilized localities which we visited. Let me, by the way, first explain how you reach the Vefsen estate. Two days after leaving Trondhjem the northward-bound steamer lands one at the pleasant and picturesque townlet of Mosjøen, on the Vefsen Fjord, where the great clear-green salmon river of that

name comes rolling to the sea. From Mosjøen it is a very long day's carriage drive through fine scenery to the boat-house at the foot of the lowest Svenningdal lake. There the private branch road ends, and thence by boat or a pathway along the banks one can arrive in an hour at the new "villa." As the houses have this "style" in the company's map, I have retained it throughout the article, despite its cockney and suburban sound.

But as we had with us two carts full of stores and baggage, including a tent and beds, we halted for the night at the station of Felling Fos, and the next morning inspected the recently constructed salmon-ladder, one of the three whereby it is hoped that the fish will eventually find their way to the upper waters in sufficient numbers to constitute a real fishery. For between this point and the sea considerable waterfalls have thrice to be surmounted. From Felling Fos to the boundary of the estate is a short mile, including the passage of the broad, deep Susen River which comes down from the interior to join the Vefsen, by a ferry-boat swinging on a rope stretched from bank to bank. At the pleasant farm of Bogfjeldmo, just beyond the ferry and above all the ladders, the company is constructing an artificial breeding-place for salmon. Time only can prove the success of these experiments. Here comfortable quarters can be obtained, and the capture of any number of small trout with the fly, and the chance of a few bigger ones with spoon or minnow, may serve as amusement for a day or two.

It would be perhaps difficult to find in all Scotland, that land of pleasant sporting quarters, a box or lodge more beautifully situated than Svenningdal Villa, on a rise just above the dam which divides the upper and lower lakes of that name; and certainly nowhere in Scotland could be found anything to equal the range of snow-clad fjelds which face it on the opposite side of the lake. From the summit of the neighboring hills it is the only human habitation visible, and on approaching one is truly astonished to find this charming house, contrary to all one's experience, in the midst of a Norwegian wilderness. In my rôle as a lover of nature I could be enthusiastic over the grand views from the broad balcony, or rather wooden terrace, which runs round the building, and the glorious effects of changing light among the mountains and on the lake, especially during the bright calm of a Norwegian summer night. Under these changes and by reason of the excessively

pellucid atmosphere, distant spots would suddenly reveal themselves in the recesses of the hills with startling clearness and beauty, and make one long for wings to fly to them. I remember in particular one far-off snow-field traversed by a thin, serpentine ridge of dark rock showing like a black pencil mark across a sheet of white paper, and on that ridge at a certain witching hour every evening I earnestly desired to be; and yet, as my friends sagely urged, could my desire have been realized on the instant, I should have been extremely uncomfortable, and wished myself back again with even greater fervor. This will, however, illustrate the insane yearnings which the spirit of the Northland may excite even in an elderly tourist. For I may not forget that I had also this character to sustain. Perhaps the reader in his innocence may imagine that to support my self-imposed triple personification was mere child's play. I can assure him solemnly to the contrary. The throes of one poor soul under the influence of threefold antagonistic promptings are no trifle. "Take thine ease on this mossy bank," would whisper the Admirer within me; "smoke thy pipe in the sun, and worship the beauty of nature. Mark the dimple of the rising fish and the silver wake of the wild fowl on the dark reflections of the lake; rest and be happy." And then would come the stern internal retort of the Sportsman: "Admire nothing! Up, and be doing; trudge with rod and creel to the distant mountain-tarn, scale yonder grey crag to the home of the ptarmigan, track the elk laboriously through yonder forest." And to them the Tourist: "Peace, both of ye; my good sir, take my advice, let Peter row you up the lake to see the waterfall, forget not lunch and a sketch-book, and be sure to return in good time for dinner." And it fell out that each of the trio had their way with me in turn. The Tourist revelled in the timber-halls of Svenningdal. The establishment was in working order; it was beginning to feel its way as a holiday resort. There had actually been visitors before us, including ladies, that summer. There were at least a couple more during our stay, but both in a somewhat official capacity as inspectors of telegraphs. Mr. Dahl, H.B.M.'s vice-consul, the courteous and hospitable agent of the company, came up from Mosjøen with his daughter. A resident house-keeper and cook supplied us with dainty meals at fixed hours; we filled the flowing bowl as often as we pleased; boats and boatmen were at our beck and call. Nor

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were there lacking other luxuries and requirements of civilized life, and all this in the heart of Helgeland! Shades of grim, old heroes! Of Eyvind Skaldespiller, Björgulf, and Kveldulfson! what thought ye of these doings in your ancient realm? of hip-baths, a billiard-table, the telephone, and a visitors' book?

But it is high time that the Sportsman had an innings. It would give me great satisfaction to learn that the vast extent of attractive water above the ladders had become well stocked with salmon, but as I have already suggested, time alone can prove the success of the company's experiments. Meanwhile the trout-fishing in the Svenningdal lakes, in their short, connecting streams, and for a considerable distance down the river below the boat-house, is excellent, above the standard of most waters in other lands. After many years' experience of Scandinavian trout-fishing, one is rather apt to become fastidious, to form exalted notions of what it ought always to be, and to underrate that which fills novices in Norway with surprise and delight. But I think that any trout fisher, even with a tendency to be *blasé*, would be well satisfied with the sport to be obtained amid the beautiful surroundings of Svenningdal.

The lakes and rivers are full of fish, which vary in weight—I am here speaking of our own experience with the fly—from half a pound and under to two pounds and over, a good proportion of those we took inclining to the larger size. The river, especially where it issues from the lowest lake, is for some distance down the pattern of a trout stream. I find, from my diary, that on July 12th we fished by boat down the two lower lakes, and waded half a mile of the final river with the result of sixty-nine trout weighing forty pounds. This is a fair sample of the sport, but owing to the earliness of the 1889 season in Norway, we were too late for the cream of the fishing. The boatman told me that a previous visitor in June, a fortnight before our arrival, had taken one morning twenty-three trout with the fly at the extreme upper end of the lake, where the stream from Kjærringvand enters it, all as big as or bigger than our largest. This would represent an average of not less than two pounds. The Svenningdal trout are as brilliant, as game, as pink in flesh, and as delicious to eat as those of my Swedish fishery, and I cannot say more. One is apt to lower the average by keeping too many plump half-pounders. There are certainly much heavier fish in the

lakes than any I have mentioned, which might be taken by spinning; but as long as decent sport can be obtained with the fly, neither I nor my friend much care to use any other lure.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that in a region such as I am describing, there are to be found in every direction mountain lakelets and streams, and that an expedition to these lonely waters is always productive of great enjoyment, if sometimes of little sport. I believe that by permission of and arrangement with the company, any one with a taste for this kind of healthy recreation, might pass several summer weeks very pleasantly at Svenningdal, which is, taking it altogether, one of the most attractive spots I have seen. I do not think that I am violating any confidence in stating that it is the present design of the proprietors to mark out, and, if possible, obtain tenants for sporting tracts, which shall include both fishing and shooting, and that meanwhile arrangements are being made to receive a limited number of visitors on application, at a fixed charge per day.

I have space for a sketch of one only of our various expeditions from Svenningdal, that to the source of the Holmvass River, which comes in a broad stream of greenish water down a narrow dale parallel to the lakes, and separated from them by a single ridge. It issues from a tarn which lies far away under the snow-capped felds of the southern horizon. Our party consisted of four, Mr. Dahl, my friends Sargent and Wingfield, both of whom I have introduced to the reader in previous articles, and myself, besides the driver of a hay-sleigh, on which were packed our rods and tackle and some provisions, both solid and liquid. The runners of such a vehicle will pass over ground of almost any kind, however rough. A light boat had been sent up by the same means some days before. The distance proved to be really too great for a single day's trout-fishing; nearly eight hours, including the row from the house to the end of the lake, were consumed in going and returning. We started before 7 A.M., and did not get home again until the small hours of the next morning. Directly after leaving the boat we struck up the hillside to gain the level of the river above its waterfall. In turning aside to see the latter, I became separated from my companions until we were close upon Holmvand, the tarn to which we were bound. With the thunder of the fall in my ears, I had nevertheless considerable difficulty in finding the terrible



black chasm, about a hundred feet in depth, into which the river plunges, so narrow was the abyss, so encompassed by overhanging rocks, so shrouded in thickets of birch. To obtain a complete view of the fall seemed impossible. The body of water was large, and in any country except Norway it would be considered a "lion;" it may, indeed, yet do duty as one. I then followed for about four miles the glen through which the now placid river ran over a stretch of nearly flat natural mountain meadow, flanked on either hand by steep hillsides, the one wooded, the other barren and running up to splintered crags. More delightful walking, more fascinating scenery of its kind cannot be imagined. The sky was blue, the sun shone warmly, the river, broken now and then by a gentle cascade, glanced and gurgled between its fringes of willow and alder, and I had the whole place to myself. The Admirer was for awhile master of the situation. But a covey of well-grown willow-grouse, springing from a patch of brushwood, brought the Sportsman up like a Jack-in-the-box, and under the influence of a second covey at no great distance, and the track of a big bull elk which had crossed the valley, he got the better of his rival. His victory was complete when, in climbing the hillside to obtain, if possible, a view of the tarn, I came upon a young elk, a three-year-old bull, feeding away from me in a grove of birch, and got within forty yards before he heard me and made off. And now from the quantity of spoor, which included that of cows and calves, I became aware that this secluded glen was the constant resort of several elk. Half an hour afterwards I again saw a young bull staring at me from the opposite side of a ravine. In the ravine itself I found the fresh signs of a bear. At this point the Admirer collapsed altogether, and did not revive for some hours. I may observe that the Tourist was nowhere during the whole day.

Arrived at the open fjeld and within sight of the tarn, I sat down by a tempting spring to refresh myself with whiskey and water, and to watch with the glass the gyrations of a pair of eagles round a lofty crag, where they probably had their nest and young. Here I was hailed by Wingfield, who appeared on the sky-line behind me, and together we descended the last slope and arrived at the tarn, where we were soon joined by the rest of the party. The lie of Holmvand, in a hollow beneath wild, snow-patched fjelds, and bordered

by pleasant green knolls and birch copses, is very striking. I did not see any place where I would sooner camp for a week, to give the lake and the river which issues from it a fair trial, or to explore the neighborhood for game. Having made bold to suggest to Mr. Dahl that, considering the beauty of the place and the distance from Svenningdal, some kind of refuge for the sportsman was a desideratum, I have since been glad to learn that he contemplated erecting a wooden hut on its banks. The mosquitoes in the evening were very troublesome. Near snow they always are; and although after some years' experience one becomes inoculated by their venom and almost callous to their attacks, still, I think that to sleep out at Holmvand without shelter of any kind would have been somewhat of a trial.

The lake is said to contain very large trout, an inspector of telegraphs having reported his capture, whilst there encamped, of a thirteen-pounds fish, and of others of unusual size taken with the worm. We were not so fortunate. During a long and patient trial in the lake with spinning-bait and fly, we had not a single run or rise. The day was bright and hot, and owing to the long distance from Svenningdal we were not able to try either the morning or evening fishing, or we might have done better. We then fished very carefully some likely water in the river, a beautiful stream, where, had there been any ordinary brown trout, I think they must have risen, but still without success. In the end we were on the point of giving it up, when I detected an almost invisible rise just where the current leaves the lake, and casting over it caught a trout of a pound, and shortly after another half a pound heavier. The brace, which represented all our sport, proved at least the existence of fish, and moreover of fish of a very remarkable character. They were perfectly silvery, without any spots; had I not known it to be impossible, I should have pronounced them at the first sight to be sea-trout. I regret extremely that we were not able to pay another visit to Holmvand. With favorable weather it is likely that good sport might be obtained amongst a certainly uncommon class of trout, and a few days spent there would be in many ways enjoyable. As it was, we lighted a fire and cooked our dinner; and the Admirer finding the Sportsman more or less of a failure, began to pluck up spirit again. During the meal, a second slice of avalanche fell from a huge mass of snow that had collected in the hollow of one of the

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surrounding crags. The first instalment, of much greater size, had startled me with its sudden roar, like that of thunder, during my walk up the glen. It seemed incredible that the white, soft-looking masses could produce such portentous sound by merely slipping and rolling over each other; but they probably represented a weight of some thousands of tons.

"Only two small trout!" exclaims the reader. Well, I confess that it seems a poor result after so long a story; but then that is not the way in which I myself reckon the total of the day. I do it in this fashion: grand scenery, glorious weather, delightful walk; one waterfall, one avalanche, two elk, a brace of eagles, a score of rypers, *and* two small trout (I omit the innumerable sundries). The last item forms the positive or material, the remainder the ideal or spiritual bag; and believe me, had the one been twentyfold bigger, in memory and interest it would scarcely endure as long as the other. And if, as may well be, there are some who do not incline to this way of thinking, I would respectfully counsel them to avoid forever all wild, out-of-the-way, and unprofitable regions, and stick to the cut-and-dried sport and guaranteed totals of their native land.

Satiated with the luxurious ease of Svenningdal, broken only by such outings as that just described, we engaged for our complex baggage two carts and horses by the day for an indefinite time, and started for Rös vand. Our first stage, however, was not a long one. We drove to the other villa, Fjeldbækmo, pleasantly situated by the side of the government road and on the bank of the Susen River, which flows below it through a deep, rocky, and somewhat gloomy gorge. There was no one resident in the house, but Mr. Dahl entrusted us with the keys, including those of the store-room and cellar, and we helped ourselves. The principal occupation of Fjeldbækmo itself we found to be the chase of the wild strawberry; the river, in default of a boat, being impossible to the angler, who cannot make his way at any point for twenty yards along the bank or reach the water. It contains a certain number of good-sized trout. Never in my life have I seen such an incredible profusion of delicious little fruit as on the warm, rocky banks behind Fjeldbækmo. The ground, in places, was red with them; one had to eat away a clear space before settling down to gorge at ease, and for miles even along the roadside, up to a certain level, the ruddy line

of berries was conspicuous, as also was the greediness of the Tourist, who came to the front for the last time during our stay in Vefsen. Here, to our regret, we parted with Colonel Wingfield, who returned to Mosjøen to catch the steamer. The same evening I was surprised in the kitchen over my cooking by Mr. Dahl at the head of a merry party, which accompanied us next day for some distance on our renewed journey towards Rös vand. From Fjeldbækmo the main road is one long ascent to the farm of Gryteselv, lying in a cheerful, sunny clearing of considerable extent, surrounded by a wild and beautiful country. I regret that we had not time to halt here and wander about the neighborhood. The farm, in which a single room is available, lies at a high elevation, and the air is magnificent. The woods are fairly open, and at the time of our visit were ablaze with flowers. It was a treat to emerge from the rather gloomy lower gorges into this region of pleasant upland meadows "zoned with airy morn." At this point the driving road trends away to Hatfjelddal, and we had to trust to our legs and the fjeld trail to reach Rös vand, accompanied, of course, by our carts. On the crest of the fjeld plateau, about a couple of uphill miles beyond Gryteselv, there is a low, isolated, conical hill known as Nabben, which, from its peculiar position, commands a most glorious and extensive view, one of the finest I ever beheld. No writing can do justice to it; a panorama so vast and so varied cannot be described. North, south, east, and west, all the salient features of this magnificent region are visible at once; the mighty bulk of the highest fjeld, crowned with snow and wildernesses of shattered crag, the prominent mountain peaks; the lower zone of rolling, park-like plateau, the long, silent glens with their gleaming rivers and lakes, the green swells of the birch forest. And yet even from this commanding point the eye, travelling to the phantom outlines of the horizon, could not pass the boundaries of this great estate. But we, like the dictator at the battle of the Lake Regillus, "North looked we long and hard," for there, spread out in a solemn sheet of mysterious grey, lay the inland sea of Rös vand, the goal of our summer wanderings, backed by the shadowy peaks and glaciers of the Öxtinder. When our carts appeared, crawling round the base of the hill, we said good-bye to the kind friends who had come with us thus far, set our faces towards the north, and for the first time since leaving

England felt that pleasant sense of being "really off at last" which is experienced, as a rule, only where thoroughfares end. Mr. Dahl would, I think, had his engagements permitted, have gladly gone with us, for, despite his many years' acquaintance with the estate, he had never yet set foot on the shores of the great lake.

After about four hours' march, through a continuous natural park, sprinkled with clumps and copses of birch and willow, and well watered by tarn and brook, we reached Sjaavik, a farm on the banks of Rös vand, without adventure or mishap beyond the temporary engulfment of one of the horses in a treacherous black bog, and the harrowing apparition of a thin amber stream trickling from the rear of the cart which was crashing with our case of bottled beer among the boulders of a mountain brook. We were immediately put in sole possession of a small house, containing two rooms and a kitchen, which the farmer, forewarned by messenger of our descent upon his peaceful home, had caused to be vacated in our favor. As I shall not have space for more than a sketch of Rös vand, I may as well state at once that in this house, with plenty of stores and our own camp beds, we managed to make ourselves very comfortable for ten days, during which we explored the neighborhood, and—having secured a boat just of the right size and positively watertight, rarely the case in Norway—the division of the lake that lies to the south of the large island of Holmen; this division is in itself a fine sheet of water.

I have never seen a lake with more engaging shores. They are everywhere indented by innumerable small bays and inlets, the original haunts, I believe, of the genius of picnic; whichever of these you enter, it seems to be the best place in the world for his votaries, whichever way the wind may blow, shelter is always procurable owing to the remarkable formation of the low promontories and headlands, faced with narrow, many-colored bands of stratification and capped with verdure. The miniature beaches are composed of water-rolled blocks and pebbles of every species of rock, in infinite variety of hue and texture, probably the result of glacial drift. The brilliantly toned granites and tinted quartzes are especially remarkable. As a background to this delicate detail one has first the strip of green birchen woodland, then the broken color of the bare, sloping field, and above all the detached groups of grey, rocky mountains, seamed and crested with snow. Rös vand is es-

entially a char lake. We did not ourselves see a single trout in it, and the farmers deposed to their taking but few in their nets, but those of good size, running to six or eight pounds. It has always been my experience that in the high-level lakes of Swedish Jemtland the char cease to bite freely after the first fortnight in July, and this appears to be also the case in Rös vand. Our sport was consequently indifferent; only by trailing with the fly could we take a few and lose three times the number when hooked from their biting short. But this does not militate against the fact that the lake swarms with char; they are taken plentifully in the nets of each farm on its banks; true, these farms are but few and far between, but the ubiquitous captures prove how thoroughly the waters are stocked. So large a fishery cannot in any case be fairly explored or tested in a single visit. Our object was to gain as much information as possible about sport generally, and with this view we always took my old setter, Belle, with us in the boat, and gave her a run whenever we put to land. She seldom failed to find a covey of skov-ryper within a short distance of the lake, generally on the skirts of the natural, willow-fringed meadows characteristic of Scandinavian woodlands; Owing to the early season the young birds were already full-grown and flew like old ones, but extra conscientiousness induced us to spare them even in this out-of-the-way region because the season had not legally commenced; had we broken the law I think the farmers would have condoned the offence. On our return from making the circuit of the lake there was no time to hunt up these coveys, which consequently evaded the Sportsman altogether. There is certainly a good deal of game to be found round Rös vand, but it is spread over a good deal of ground; as far as I could judge, the existing sport would amount to pleasant, very pleasant, wild shooting. By arrangement with the farmers, who probably snare the birds in winter, the stock of game might, I think, be largely increased. The elk, of which I found a great number of signs round Svenningdal, does not appear to exist at present nearer to Rös vand than the forests of Hatfjeld, after all but a short distance. With some preservation they will soon spread over the whole estate.

While exploring the lake south of Holmen we preferred to row ourselves; but on Friday, August 9th, we started in a really splendid new sailing-boat with a crew of three men, for Tustervand, a small

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lake at the north-west corner of Rössvand, and connected with it by a quarter of a mile of broad, deep rapids. Before reaching the latter, down which we ran swiftly, our men had a desperately hard row, for after clearing Holmen, the wind blew strongly dead ahead until the evening, and we could not once use the sail. As may be imagined, Rössvand, under a real gale, can show a heavy sea. At the farm of Tustervand we obtained one large room which, when thoroughly washed, made capital quarters. The people — after the first impulse of hesitation and unwillingness, which the traveller must often expect and patiently endure in the remote parts of Norway, and which in our case was probably intensified by a suspicion that we had come officially to spy the fatness of the land and demand the rent — I fear these good people are very Irish in some respects — expressed themselves glad to see us, and did all in their power to make us comfortable. The farm is flourishing and pleasantly situated, but on the opposite shore there towers a grand, massive mountain, known as Kjærringtind, with fearful precipices and snow-slopes, which appear to attract all the bad weather out of the desolate Alpine region lying between Tustervand and the Ranen fjord. The mountain itself was never free from driving storm during our short stay, and whilst we could see the far eastern shores of Rössvand basking in sunlight, our weather was constantly being ruined by the influence of the ferocious giant over the way. No doubt in settled weather he must be a magnificent object. We stopped here for two clear days, one of which was devoted to rowing ourselves in wind and wet to the head of Tustervand, and thence, amidst Killarney-like scenery that even the bad weather could not spoil, through a succession of small lakes connected by narrow channels, until the strong draw of the current where the Rosaa River plunges down its first incline on the way to Ranen, warned us to stop. The wretched weather was depressing, and the sight of that incipient river saddened me. Over thirty years had passed since four young men were encamped by its final rapids, and now we, the survivors, elderly and grey, stood and watched its infant waters hurrying to their earliest leap out of the parent lake. Truly it made one realize the force of Tennyson's lines: —

For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

Forever! and without greater change than

that wrought by the transient influence of the seasons. For a thousand summers, for all who had and might come to gaze upon it, for the dead, the living, and the unborn, always without change. Forever and incessantly the same eager start, the same impetuous course, the same mad plunge over the final precipice, the same tranquil flow into the sea. Youth, prime, age, and extinction, all eternal; a perpetuity of daily birth and daily death; ephemeral existence to the end of time. My thoughts outstripped its course, and broke into a phantom world beyond the hills. I seemed for a while to see again the camp by the Ranen, to hear the cheery voices and feel the warm sunshine of bygone days; but meanwhile the dark, changeless river at my feet, mocking the vision, swept on to glide in a few hours, as it glided then, as it will glide forevermore, past the deserted meadow where the tent once stood, past the sombre pine woods, down to the black skerries and the desolate fjord.

But enough, and more than enough of these gloomy thoughts; come what may, let me at least be thankful that after the lapse of so many years, I can still enjoy a summer in the dear old Northland, that, still young in heart and strong in body and mind, I could regard that river, although not without some natural melancholy, as a link between a not unhappy present and a happy past.

In my diary I find under this date the following expressive entry, "A blank day of bad weather," therefore, the less I say about our own sport the better, but it is also recorded that in the evening our host at the farm produced a dozen fine char, scarcely under two pounds apiece, taken from a net fixed just opposite the house. The fishery here is even better than in Rössvand, and an early visit would probably insure sport. There is, moreover, fair work for the gun. During a long ramble, partly on the open fjeld and partly through the upper brushwood, Belle and I found half-a-dozen large coveys of well-grown ryper, and both regretted much that it still wanted four days to the fifteenth. On the twelfth we had beautiful weather whilst our boat was being towed up the rapids into Rössvand, but soon after embarking Kjærringtind hurled at us a parting storm, and the grand scenery we were approaching was obscured by mist. Crossing the width of the lake from west to east, close under its northern shore, we passed the night at an unattractive farm called Sundsaas, and the next day reached Bessidoren,

scarcely better quarters, but one of the quietest spots in the universe. At these places the people — who were very poor, and suffering, I think, from chronic depression owing to their isolated position under the shadow of the great hills, and their winter struggle for existence, of which they spoke feelingly — seemed sorry to see us and glad to get rid of us. Perhaps we still labored under the suspicion of being hostile spies. Our principal object in stopping at Bessidoren was to try to get a view of the peaks of the Oxtinder and their glaciers, which we had often admired from a distance. Unfortunately the weather still continued gloomy with clouds hanging low on the mountains, spoiling the really magnificent scenery. This north-eastern bight of Rössvand, known as Nordbugten, is as fine as some of the celebrated fjords in the Bergen district. Directly we had housed our goods we started off up the valley, and after a longish walk guided by a cattle-track, scrambled, a good deal on hands and knees, up a side ravine to a ridge, where we at last got a partially clear view of the glaciers and the group of aiguilles which shoot up round them to the height of six thousand feet. These glaciers were unknown to Von Buch, Forbes, and all the scientific travellers in Norway. Out of two hundred volumes which I possess, all dealing with Scandinavia, I cannot find one which mentions them, except Yngar Nielsen's recent "Handbook," which just alludes to them as visible from Nabben. Bædeker devotes two lines to the existence of the Oxtinder, as also does Tonsberg's "Norway Illustrated," but both ignore the glaciers.

I do not remember to have looked upon more terribly beautiful ice scenery than we now beheld. Possibly the rolling vapor which obscured the peaks and the sky-line exaggerated its mysterious grandeur whilst rendering the extent indefinite. The main body of the glacier was concealed, at a considerably higher level than we had reached, by the enormous rocky base of an aiguille which towered immediately in front of us, but right and left it descended from the clouds in two branches, with walls, battlements, and terraces of ice rising tier over tier, until lost in the mist, with huge, sloping surfaces scored into a thousand monstrous furrows, showing awful gleams of blue depths here and there, and tossed into all shapes of fantastic horror where the pressure from above forced the writhing glacier round the buttresses of the mountain. Despite

the cold, we sat there a long time, with the faint hope that the clouds might rise, but beyond a fleeting glimpse of a white dome of far-off upper snow, and of nearer black cliffs with dreadful masses of pendant ice, we saw no more. As we sat, a herd of many reindeer made their appearance out of the depths below, and passed along the base of the mountain down into the valley, where they congregated to feed on a green flat broken up into islands by a dozen milky streams which issued from the farther branch of the glacier.

From Bessidoren, by a long row due south, the wind continuing adverse, we reached the farm of Krudtaa. Here our welcome was hearty; we had the good fortune to find two sensible girls, who at once thoroughly washed and put in order the best room, and exhibited much natural intelligence in looking after us during our stay. Our comfort was perhaps somewhat marred by the adoring contemplation of the natives, who were inclined to watch us silently, even at our toilet and meals. But then as rare birds of passage we surpassed even the proverbial black swan. It was here that we met that blessed woman who uttered these memorable words: "Forty-five years have I lived here," said she, "and never have I set eyes on an Englishman until now." That brief speech gave a distinct flavor to our whole expedition. She was not young, she was the reverse of comely, she was far from clean, but I could have embraced her on the spot. For ourselves, we had simply to regret that we were not fresher and better-preserved specimens.

The next day being August 15th, and very fine, I left John to prove the fishing of a lovely stream flowing through a glen more like Dovedale than Norway, and, to Belle's intense joy, shouldered a gun and gamebag. The country was so charming, and the weather so delicious, that I did not feel in the least bloodthirsty. The Sportsman and the Admirer were on the best of terms all day. I had a delightful ramble, but some little trouble with my old dog, who cannot for the life of her resist fur, and there were for Norway an unusual number of blue hares about. But these I never shoot when alone, unless close to home. Being in an amiable humor, I forgave Belle her sins, and waited patiently in the sunny glades for her return. She can simulate repentance in a very winning way. I killed as much as I cared to carry home, and, in consequence, declined other chances. My bag held five brace of willow-grouse, three well-grown



capercaillie, and as many double snipe. Two birds I lost, the birch covert and undergrowth being rather over thick for shooting or gathering. John brought home a dozen nice trout, the heaviest not much under two pounds; he had found but little rise on, and that only in the dead water. We stayed another day at this very pleasant spot, which I consider to be one of the nicest halting-places on Rös vand, and then took ship for our old quarters at Sjaavik. As usual, the wind was ahead, and by landing I exchanged the latter half of a tedious row for an agreeable stroll through the forest, and along the banks of a beautiful little lake, known as Lille Rös vand. My modest bag — the source, nevertheless, of infinite satisfaction — amounted to a leash of grouse, a duck, a snipe, and again three cock caillie, as big as young turkeys. I nobly spared hens of the latter tribe.

We had now made the complete circuit of Rös vand, and for the last day of our sojourn on its beautiful banks there remained a visit to the isle of Holmen, in itself a fair-sized estate. This we accomplished in most glorious weather. It was certainly over calm and bright for fishing, but John decided to remain in the boat and try the narrows between Holmen and the mainland, whilst I, with dog and gun, made my way to the limited extent of bare ground visible at the highest central point. I heard occasionally the distant tinkle of cattle-bells and the musical call of herd-girls; but I did not see a house or meet a soul in my exploration of the grassy glens and wooded slopes of this enchanting island. The view from the top was glorious over the whole of Rös vand and its now unclouded barriers of grand mountains. For a long time I lay on the warm, dry moss, regardless of the appeals of the Sportsman, and indulging the Admirer to the utmost, longing that I could fly back to the range of the Oxtinder which stood out clearly against the northern horizon, their peaks and glaciers reflected in the vast burnished mirror below. After which I shot my way straight back to the beach, picking up five grouse, two blackcocks, a caillie, a woodcock, and a double snipe.

Our row home on that incomparable evening was something to remember. I like to think of Rös vand as I saw it then; I left my heart there, and have not since seen anything charming enough to recall it.

A correct survey of this grand lake has yet to be made, and in all probability will take some years to accomplish. For its

measurements, therefore, I have been obliged to depend chiefly on the tracings executed in Mr. Dahl's office, which are no doubt founded on the best existing authority, and in the main accurate. It is true that, accepting them as such, we used to be much astonished at the apparently greater scale of our boat stages, and the time they occupied. I have heard it asserted that the area of Rös vand is nearly equal to that of the Mjösen; but this must, I think, be wholly incorrect. The Mjösen is sixty miles in length, whereas Rös vand, from Sjaavik in a north-easterly slant to the extremity of Nordbugten, is (according to the above authority) as near as possible twenty; and in a true line to the northern shore about twelve. At its widest, from the base of Kjærringtind to the opposite bay, its breadth is ten miles; but it narrows to less than half that just above its centre, and again widens to nine, striking a line from Krudtaa through the middle of Holmen to the end of the western bight. The great irregularity of its shape is one of its principal charms, and it is practically divided by Holmen into two sheets of water, one very much smaller, more sheltered, and, to the angler, more sympathetic than the other.

The next day our horses were recovered from the woods, where they had for long been living in luxurious idleness among the rich herbage, and we started on our return journey to Svenningdal. Thence, after another week's stay, we accompanied Mr. Dahl to his charming residence of Halsjöen, near Mosjöen, where he hospitably entertained us until the arrival of the Trondhjem steamer. We were obliged to leave half the estate unvisited; locomotion with baggage and stores is not easy, and the search for sport consumes a deal of time; a month was exhausted in the expedition to Rös vand alone. While memory lasts I shall always retain delightful recollections of my visit to the great estate in the heart of Helgeland.

HENRY POTTINGER.

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From The New Review.  
SULTAN ABDUL HAMID.  
BY PROFESSOR VAMBERY.

FOR more than a hundred years the spirit of our Western civilization has knocked at the door of the Moslem world in Asia without being able to show any striking result, or a result which can be called adequate to the efforts made. The

reasons of this comparative failure are manifold and have been frequently discussed; but there is, nevertheless, one main cause which has not been duly considered. This is the relation between the people and their princes in Mohammedan Asia, a relation which is quite peculiar; for free and independent public opinion does not exist in Asiatic society, and the masses, accustomed to follow blindly their leaders, accept only the innovations and reforms of which their rulers or ruling classes have furnished an example. Hence the axiom: Look at the prince and you will know his people; and hence the undeniable fact that all the changes effected by our Western culture upon the various peoples in Mohammedan Asia are nothing but the reflex of those produced on the individuality of the respective princes.

In the list of the said princes Sultan Abdul Hamid occupies the foremost place, inasmuch as Turkey can justly be described as the Mohammedan country most advanced on the path of modern civilization; a circumstance mainly due to the efforts of the present sultan. It is about thirty-one years since, whilst living in the house of the late Rifaat Pasha, in Constantinople, that I was called upon one day to give the first rudimentary lessons in French to Fatma Sultan, a daughter of Abdul Medjid, and the wife of Ali Ghalib Pasha, living at that time in a *yali* (summer residence) on the European side of the Bosphorus. The way in which I imparted the first notions of that foreign tongue to the imperial lady was certainly a peculiar one. My pupil was seated behind a curtain in the harem; in fact, I never saw her face, and having been ushered into a room belonging to the Mabeyin (the intervening portion between the harem and selamlık) I strove to do my best to fulfil my duty by reading a sentence or two in Turkish translated into French, which I heard repeated by a soft, feminine voice behind the curtain. It was while engaged in this somewhat strange mode of teaching that I made the acquaintance of a young prince, about sixteen years old, called Hamid Effendi, who, on a visit to the house of his favorite sister, used to attend my lessons, and with his pure Oriental face and expressive eyes had attracted my attention. I hardly spoke to him, for it is against Oriental etiquette to address a prince, but his countenance and his reserved and dignified manners left an indelible trace on my memory.

Nearly thirty years had passed when, after a long absence from the East, I again visited the Turkish capital. Great changes had taken place in the Ottoman Empire, as well as in my own life. We both had grown older, and when the present ruler of the valiant, but sadly misunderstood, Turkish people expressed the desire to make the personal acquaintance of the European who had devoted his whole life to the language, history, and ethnology of the Turkish race, I was not at all surprised that the shrewd prince did not recognize at once the quondam *Topal Khodja*, i.e., lame teacher, as I was usually called. A short recapitulation of bygone events, however, sufficed to revive dimmed memory. I had a long and interesting conversation with Sultan Abdul Hamid, whose career I had attentively followed, and I can thus say something about the personal character of that greatest and most influential amongst Mohammedan rulers, a prince who in the future is destined to play a delicate and important part in the history of our times, and who is, I am sorry to say, so often misunderstood by the public in general as well as by the political world.

Sultan Abdul Hamid Khan, now in his forty-eighth year, unites in his character the leading features of his grandfather, Sultan Mahmud, and of his father, Sultan Abdul Medjid. From the former he has inherited unbounded zeal and activity; from the latter a rare degree of affability and kindness of heart. I do not exaggerate in stating that history can hardly show an Oriental prince so distinguished by untiring love of work and untiring energy as the present sultan of Turkey. From early morning till late at night he is engaged in state affairs; and he not only examines every important matter, but occupies himself also with minor details, and pays attention to petty questions, to the detriment of his health and the course of government. I found him one day on his *canapé*, having at his right a large pile of Turkish newspapers, together with translations from the foreign press; and on his left several bundles of state papers, submitted for his perusal and ultimate decision. Whilst talking to me he continually glanced to right and left, betraying an anxiety to go through his papers, and I became fully convinced of the truth of what I heard from Sureya Pasha, his first secretary, that he had never put his signature to a paper he had not read and considered carefully. Of course, with such a painstaking and searching ruler, the power

of the ministers is very limited, and the present statesmen of Turkey have naturally dwindled down to weak and helpless officials. This is certainly the reverse of the medal, but it must not be ascribed entirely to suspicion and want of confidence, as is generally assumed in the diplomatic circles of Pera and in the leading circles of Europe. A prince who witnessed the dethronement of two of his predecessors; who, by his shrewdness and sagacity, has carefully studied the intrigues of the palace and of the Eastern official world; who knows that in his foreign relations everybody is against him and nobody for him—such a prince it is hardly fair to reproach with excessive caution and scrupulousness, or to ask to submit implicitly and unconditionally to his surroundings. As one of the few Europeans whom the sultan has favored with his confidence, I have been often asked whether his experience and information are equal to his activity, and whether he does not overrate his capabilities. Well, candidly speaking, I must say that the education of Sultan Abdul Hamid, like that of all Oriental princes, was defective, very defective indeed; but an iron will, great judgment, and rare acuteness have made good this shortcoming, and now he not only knows the multifarious relations and intricacies of his own much-trying empire, but is thoroughly conversant with European politics, and I am not going too far in stating that it has been solely the moderation and self-restraint of Sultan Abdul Hamid which have saved us hitherto from a general European conflagration. During the late Bulgarian troubles he was asked by Russia and by the central European powers to validate his rights in eastern Roumelia by an armed intervention, but keeping in view the adage, *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*, he answered with the Arab saying: "Peace is the best of all judges," and acquiesced in one of the most crying acts of injustice rather than appeal to arms.

As to his personal character, I have found the present ruler of the Ottoman Empire of great politeness, amiability, and extreme gentleness. Always anxious to disarm his declared enemies by civilities, he is particularly grateful to those who have been attached to him for a long time, and as to his politeness towards European ladies visiting his court he fully deserves the title of the *Ré galant homme* of the East. When sitting opposite him during my private interviews I could not avoid being struck by his extremely mod-

est attitude, by his quiet manners, and by the bashful look of his eyes. He carefully avoids in conversation all allusion to his position as a ruler, and when unavoidably obliged to mention the beginning of his reign, he invariably says, "Since I came to this place—" Whether his behavior be the outcome of his personal character, or the result of his conviction of the changes produced by the democratic tendencies of our age, even in the East, we need not inquire. Suffice it to say, that Sultan Abdul Hamid is the very personification of a *roi bourgeois*, who is anxious to do away with all the encumbering etiquette of Oriental court life, and who likes to show himself plain, civil, and unaffected to his visitors. Even to scenes of Oriental pageantry, inseparable from royalty in the East, he has imparted more than one feature of modern European court life. He drives himself at the official parades, his dress is scrupulously plain, he has discarded the aigrette worn on the *fez* by his predecessors as a sign of royalty, and it is only at the imperial state dinners that luxury, but not greater than that usual at Western courts, is exhibited. The highly finished plate is of pure gold and silver, the ornaments are rare masterpieces of jewellery, the dishes of exquisite French cookery, and although every guest has before him several glasses, it is only the non-Mohammedan to whom the servants serve wine. The sultan and his Mohammedan guests drink only water. On such occasions the sultan, often having at his right and left European ladies, shows particular politeness and amiability, for in the art of conquering his guests by signs of particular favor Abdul Hamid is really incomparable. On one occasion I was presented with a dish of strawberries, laid out in various lines according to the different shadings of the fruit, headed by a bit of paper bearing the inscription, "From the plants reared by the hand of his Majesty." On another occasion the servant brought me an apple and a peach of extraordinary beauty, and I had a gracious nod from the sultan, whilst during my last invitation to his table I was greatly struck to hear Hungarian national music played by the imperial band in the adjoining saloon, and on looking round a servant accosted me with a message from his Majesty that the Hungarian airs had been studied by the band by special order for that evening.

As a ruler I found Sultan Abdul Hamid quite an exception to his *chers frères* in the East, and in some respects in advance

of some of our European princes. A monarch who sits down with his minister of finance, ready to spend several hours in revising accounts, in devising new measures, and in examining most scrupulously minute details, is certainly a rarity. "We are all tired and exhausted," said one of the ministers to me, "but the sultan never is, and if he yields to our entreaties it is only for our sakes and not for his own." There are from five to ten chamberlains and officers passing continually between his private rooms and the office of his first secretary, Sureya Pasha, who has to *send in*, viz., to present, every private letter and every document arriving at the palace. The sultan, owing to his extraordinary memory, recollects events long ago forgotten by his ministers. The past of ten or fifteen years is as fresh in his mind as if it were but yesterday; and, in spite of the twenty-one years which have elapsed since his visit to Europe, he still remembers vividly the streets, public places, and buildings of the chief towns, as well as the dresses and features of the persons he met, with an accuracy which is really astounding. Good memory is for the rest peculiar to gifted Asiatics, but the characteristic which distinguishes Sultan Abdul Hamid from other Eastern princes is decidedly the modern tone of his views on religion, politics, and education. A firm believer in the tenets of his religion, he likes to assemble round him the foremost mollahs and pious sheiks, upon whom he profusely bestows imperial favors; but he does not forget to send from time to time presents to the Greek and Armenian patriarchates, and nothing is more ludicrous than to hear this prince accused by a certain class of politicians in Europe of being a fanatic and an enemy to Christians; a prince who, by appointing a Christian for his chief medical attendant, and a Christian for his minister of finance (I mean Mavrogeni and Agob Pashas), did not hesitate to entrust most important duties to non-Mohammedans. As a further proof of his toleration we may refer to the fact that Sultan Abdul Hamid is the first Ottoman ruler in whose hospitality not only European princes and ambassadors and distinguished visitors from the West, but his own Christian subjects, amply partake. He is the first Ottoman ruler who has publicly encouraged the art of painting and of sculpture, in spite of those arts being strictly forbidden by orthodox Mohammedanism, and during one of my visits he pointed with a certain pride to two pictures in his saloon as having been painted

by Moslem pupils brought up in the School of Art at Stamboul. These two pictures represent Soyüd, the place in Asia Minor where the Ottoman Empire was founded, and the mausoleum of its first ruler, namely, Sultan Osman. As another instance of the sultan's liberal views I may mention the foundation of a museum, where statues illustrating the Greek mythology are exhibited, statues held in horror by pious Mohammedans, and to look at which even is a deadly sin according to the prescripts of the Koran.

What Sultan Abdul Hamid has done for the instruction and enlightenment of his people is the admiration of every one who visits Turkey. It is not my intention to recapitulate here what I said last year in London in a public lecture delivered in Exeter Hall, but devoting continual attention to this subject I can state with full confidence that if the Turks continue steadily on the way inaugurated by their present ruler, and if political complication does not offer any hindrance, they will soon reach a level of culture by which they may secure a firm basis of mental and economical development and future political existence. "It is for this purpose," said the sultan one day to me, "that peace is now the object of my desire; peace alone can cure the manifold evils and shortcomings of the past; order and security can only be introduced by civil officers trained and educated in the school of modern social and political life." In accordance with these views it is gratifying to find at present hundreds, nay, thousands, of young Turks earnestly striving to acquire the rudiments of the European languages and science. A new spirit has taken hold of the whole people; the language and literature have undergone an essential change; whilst I am writing this paper, I have on my table various Turkish books and treatises on social economy, history, astronomy, geography, etc., which are sent to me for review, and some of which are really admirable. Of course there is much, very much, to be done yet in the way of public instruction, for the great bulk of the people is totally ignorant and neglected, but educational progress does not permit of leaps and bounds, and we are only doing justice to the praiseworthy efforts of Sultan Abdul Hamid in mentioning that he is sincerely bent upon the amelioration and the mental development of his subjects.

Where the actual ruler of Turkey meets with the sharpest criticism is decidedly in his policy of holding aloof from all alli-

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ance with any of the European governments, and the somewhat rigid measures he applies in the home rule of his country. As to the former, we have to consider before all the rather doubtful effect of close alliances in the past and the danger in the future. Quite recent historical events have shown that the Porte had more to suffer from the hands of her so-called friends and well-wishers than from the aggressions of her old enemy. These deplorable results have quite naturally roused suspicion and a well-justified cautiousness, and we cannot wonder if Ottoman statesmen for a long time hence hesitate to cast in the lot of their country with any of those dubious allies, and prefer to protect the interests of the empire according to their own notions and at their own discretion. In fact, they cannot risk any other new experiment, for another war of the same issue as the last one would deprive Turkey altogether of any choice and ruin her entirely.

As to the second objection raised against the personal rule of the sultan, and particularly against the police system spread like a net over the whole empire, I beg to remind the reader that Turkey is an Eastern country, composed of men of different creeds and nationalities, who abhor each other and are ready to fall upon each other at the slightest loosening of the grip of the government; in fact, of Orientals easily excited and fanaticized, who cannot stand comparison with Western people accustomed to liberal institutions. Only dreamers, ignorant of the cruel testimony of practical life, could think that a free constitution would fill up at once the gulf deepened by many centuries of religious animosity and widened by the hard rule of the conqueror over the conquered. No; such a thing would be, even in Europe, a sheer impossibility. And in reference to the charge of ruthless despotism laid upon Sultan Abdul Hamid, I will quote his own words. He said to me one day: "In Europe the soil was prepared centuries ago for liberal institutions; and now I am asked to transplant a sapling to the foreign, stony, and rugged ground of Asiatic life. Let me clear away the thistles and stones, let me till the soil and provide for irrigation, because rain is very scarce in Asia, and then we may transport the new plant, and, believe me, nobody will be more delighted at its thriving than myself." As to the much rebuked police system and to the host of spies paid by the sultan, I beg to remind the reader that this host exists only in the

fertile imagination of the inhabitants of Pera and Galata, and perhaps also in the brain of Turkish Nihilists, for that species is likewise represented on the Bosphorus. In Pera and Galata, those gathering-places of European adventurers, the most absurd rumors are credited and thence diffused over Europe; in fact, these goodly representatives of our kith and kin could hardly exist without inventing bewildering and startling news, if for no other purpose than to furnish material for hungry newspaper correspondents and credulous diplomatists. In some Pera circles they told me of twelve hundred, in others of sixteen hundred, spies paid by the sultan. Spies are suspected in all classes of foreign and native society, on the tramway, in the church, in the public garden and even in one's bedroom; but, on inquiring closely into this matter, need I say that the whole was a gross exaggeration, and that secret agents are employed only by certain court officials in furtherance of their dirty dealings and intrigues, which are well watched by the sultan, but which can hardly be frustrated by him so easily as people in Europe imagine.

It would lead me too far indeed were I to dwell on all the absurdities spread in Europe respecting the personality and the government of the present sultan. I am fully aware of having exposed myself through these lines to the charge of being a flatterer, and of seeing everything in roseate colors. Well, the discrepancy between my experiences and those of others will be easily explained by a proper estimate of the different means of observation at my disposal. Turkey is separated only by a few days' railway journey from Europe, but the Turks themselves are as distant from, and as inaccessible to, Europeans as they were centuries ago. Let us approach them well armed with linguistic and historical information and without preconceived notions or prejudices, and I am sure the experience of many travellers will tally with my own. Foreign visitors to Turkey will then learn that a talented, gifted, and patriotic ruler like Sultan Abdul Hamid can accelerate the march of civilization, but cannot work wonders by transforming suddenly an Asiatic society into a European one. We did not emerge suddenly from the gloomy shadows of mediæval barbarism and ignorance into our present state, and we cannot expect Asiatics and Mohammedans to do a work in decades for which we required centuries. We must not shut our eyes to the deplorable conditions under which



Turkey is laboring; we must not lose sight of ruined villages, neglected roads, decaying towns, choked harbors, and an impoverished population; but we can be, nay, we must be, indulgent, and instead of always finding fault with the Mohammedan Turk, whilst we are ready to pardon the cruelties committed and the vices practised by his Christian neighbor, we really should begin to discard all political bias in our judgment of an Eastern prince and of his people.

From The Spectator.

#### NOTES OF A PILGRIMAGE.

##### II.

##### JERUSALEM: THE TEMPLE.

ONE of the earliest convictions impressed upon the mind of the traveller to Palestine is that the Turk is a nuisance. The gigantic absurdity, to call it nothing more, of leaving all these holy places, the centre of veneration to all Christendom, in Mahomedan hands, produces a natural feeling of irritation, which is constantly freshened and revived by some vexatious regulation or piece of official red-tapeism, causing the most peaceable pilgrim to regret that the period of holy wars is past, and consider seriously the advisability of preaching a crusade himself on his return from the parts of the infidel. It is sufficient to talk with any resident who has ever had any serious business with that hopeless government — especially those who are trying to introduce any kind of progress or improvement in Palestine — to find a good, solid foundation for this feeling against the Turkish rulers; the ordinary traveller is exasperated by their mere presence. Here we find, in the first place, the unspeakable Turk occupying for his own purposes the site of the Temple, and raising beautiful buildings thereupon for his own worship. This, we consider, is bad enough, but when he comes to celebrating his own religious festivals there, and consequently excluding all but Mahomedans from the whole area during the time that we are at Jerusalem, the enormity is still more remarkable. This is not even a coincidence. The benighted paynim does not want for worldly wisdom, and, having no confidence whatever in the doctrine of peace on earth and good-will towards men, as understood by enthusiastic pilgrims, he has established a feast of his own which attracts a

sufficient number of Mahomedans to counterbalance the Christians. To these latter the whole of the Haram-esh-Sherif is closed, and many poor pilgrims who cannot afford to stay long at Jerusalem are obliged to go away without having seen the place of the Temple, a very real hardship to some of them.

Being a little less pressed for time than some others, we were able to pay one flying visit to the Haram-esh-Sherif. The last of the pious Mahomedans had been packed off with much beating of drums, clashing of cymbals, and waving of banners, on their pilgrimage to the spot where it is extremely unlikely that Moses was buried, and in the whole of the enclosure there was scarcely a figure to be seen. We were not, however, suffered to enter without protectors, our bodyguard consisting of the *cavasse* of the consulate, a gentleman of ferocious aspect, with a gold-laced jacket and a curved scimitar, and an aged Turkish non-commissioned officer, who followed us about brandishing a huge pair of top-boots, in reality taken off from motives of piety, but apparently to be used as offensive weapons. Our time was very short; but I believe that if you cannot spend three weeks over the Temple, it is better to see it in half an hour. Certainly no subsequent visit can show anything to surpass the first view of the whole. We pass in by the beautiful judgment-hall, where the *cadi* administered justice at the gate in times gone by, into a vast enclosure, some five hundred yards long, and at least half as wide, studded in all directions with countless little domes and cupolas. The central platform, roughly identified with the court of the Jews, as the outer zone is with that of the Gentiles, is paved, but most of the rest remains as nature made it, and green grass and trees make a contrast with the white walls and the many-colored domes. Some of these are merely canopies over the numerous fountains indispensable in a Mahomedan place of worship; others form a sheltered place for prayer, supplied with a *mihrab*, or niche in the direction of Mecca, to guide the devotions of the pious, or serve to mark some spot of particular sanctity; while the row of low, domed buildings to the north of the central platform are even utilized as sleeping-rooms by devotees from a distance. Going up by a broad flight of low steps, topped by a single row of graceful arches, we come upon the gem of the whole, the exquisite Dome of the Rock itself. Certainly no one can accuse the Mahomedans of neglecting to make

the house of God beautiful. It is true that this building was probably the work of Christian artists under Mahomedan orders; but this only shows that the early Arab conquerors had sufficient wisdom and piety to seek for their most holy shrine something which they could understand to be finer than their own rude architecture.

The Dome of the Rock, though by far the most important building of the central platform, is merely, like many of the others, a kind of shrine built over the most sacred of all the holy places. It is an octagonal building, measuring about twenty yards in every direction, built around the great flat rock to which so many traditions are attached. The exterior is richly, almost gaudily decorated with colored marbles and Damascus tiles, and the interior also has been made beautiful with mosaics and profuse decoration of every kind. But these have not the effect that we have deplored in the most sacred Christian shrine, of obstructing the view of the principal object of veneration, or even distracting the eye from it. The rock, which occupies the whole centre of the building, surrounded by a balustrade of painted wood, is plain to the sight even of a large concourse of people, and though the amount of light which penetrates through the stained glass of the windows is not exactly dazzling, it is at any rate a great advance upon the profound obscurity which conceals the Holy Sepulchre. Altogether, the idea that this mosque gives is that of a perfect composition, where, while the eye can find in every corner some beauty of detail to rest upon, the attention is naturally concentrated on the most important point. The admirable art with which the decoration is lavished on the background, while the rock is left in its bare simplicity as the centre of all, seems to me at least far more impressive than all the flummery of gold and silver lamps about the Holy Sepulchre.

I am speaking, of course, of the generally recognized Sepulchre. It is worth remembering, however, that the mosque in which we are standing was considered by no less an authority than James Fergusson to be the Church of the Resurrection built by Constantine over the actual tomb of our Lord, represented by the grotto underneath the stone. This idea has never been generally accepted, and has now probably ceased to have any adherents at all, but Mr. Fergusson himself was never shaken in his belief. Certainly all probability seems against it, still it is

strange to think that so great an authority on architecture should have made a mistake of three clear centuries as to the date of the building. What the rock actually does represent is not very certain. The Mussulmans, of course, have its history quite pat, and a very wonderful rock it must have been, according to them. Not only was it the scene of Abraham's proposed sacrifice of his son—in which story Christian and Jewish tradition appear to agree—but it is also connected with the personal history of Mahomet himself. Here the Prophet is known to have prayed, and from here he ascended to heaven on his wonderful mule Alborak. The influence of the Sent of God was so powerful, that the rock was enabled to hold converse with him—as it did later with the caliph Omar—and even attempted to follow him in his aerial voyage, a purpose which it might have achieved, but for the thoughtful action of the archangel Gabriel, who arrested it just in time. The marks of the angel's fingers are there to this day; so that this story at least must be true. Jewish tradition tends to see here the rock on which the ark rested, and consequently the Holy of Holies, which, however, is more usually placed at a point some way to the south-west, near the top of the stairs by which we approached. The theory that on this rock stood the altar of burnt-offerings is supported by the existence of a channel which might have served to let the blood run down into the cave below and perhaps through the hollow which evidently exists under the round stone at its centre. Explorers have desired to make further researches by raising this stone; but though the necessary authorization was obtained from Constantinople, the local authorities were immovable on the subject. The stone, they averred, formed the cover of the Well of the Evil Spirit, and as they very reasonably argued, if it were removed, the Evil Spirit would get out, and might literally play the devil with Jerusalem, a contingency against which they, as responsible rulers, were bound to provide. So the mystery is likely to remain unsolved.

Time is a very hard master, and it is only at his absolute command that we can refrain from lingering over the beautiful little shrines with which the central platform is studded; but the mosque of El Aksa must not be omitted, and there is only just enough time to see that. We are hurried past a great open-air pulpit of exquisite workmanship, supported on arches of the perfectly circular formation

peculiar to Arabian architecture, past an immense stone laver shadowed by immemorial cypresses, which might almost date back to King Solomon's time, and find ourselves in front of a grand colonnade forming the entrance to a Christian church. Yes, there is no doubt about it; it is stripped of all its ornaments, and the Mahommedan attributes of *mihrab* and *mimbar* have been introduced into it; but no one can doubt for a moment of what it has been. It was here that Justinian, twelve hundred years ago, built a church in honor of our Lady, which was restored to Christian worship by the Templars after some centuries of Mahommedan domination. There is still the great vaulted hall, opening off the church, where the knights of that fiercest of holy brotherhoods met together. Here in the long, bare aisles—not so bare then, we may well imagine—they assembled in prayer, often perhaps as a prelude to some savage raid on the nearest infidel stronghold. Here, however, we are not tempted to remember their faults. We are rather inclined to wish that their days had come back, and that we might see them ride clattering into the court again, breaking down the ensigns of Mahommedan worship with their heavy maces, and restoring the holy city to—well, probably to be fought over by half-a-dozen Christian sects, all at bitter enmity, and “hating one another for the love of God.” I fear that we must be content for the present to leave Jerusalem under the direction of the Turkish pasha, at this moment, no doubt, much troubled in his mind about the dangerous ceremony of the “Holy Fire,” which is to take place this very afternoon, and quaking with apprehension at the news that forty stout man-of-war-men have come up for the feast from a Russian iron-clad lying off Jaffa. What if it should occur to them—as it actually did—to ask their priests whether they should allow Turkish soldiery on this day of all others to stand round the sepulchre of the risen Lord? These apprehensions are groundless, however. The good Greek priests, even if they are not always in charity with their neighbors, will do their duty to-day in preaching peace to the exasperated sailors, and the pasha will once more be able to telegraph to Constantinople that the perilous season has passed over without incident. It is best to be at peace with all men. If we are to take any revenge on the Mussulman possessors of what we are hardly worthy to hold till we have learned to apply the precepts of our own

religion, let it be something in the style of the carver of that splendid pulpit, an evidently Christian artist, who has played his Mahommedan masters the trick of introducing in his designs the hated sign of the cross, a fact which has apparently escaped their notice to this day.

Somehow we seem to have lost sight of the Temple itself all this while. But of the Temple there is really nothing remaining but the place. We certainly find pillars and stones of great antiquity, remnants of former great works, employed again in the Mahommedan constructions; but these can be of little service in giving even a general idea of the original building. Those who wish to know more must be content to see with the eyes of Warren and Wilson, and the various explorers who have made researches here and published their discoveries; for the authorities will only permit excavations on the condition that all the treasures unearthed are to be carefully covered up again. The rest of us must be content with the place alone, the general scene of many incidents in our Lord's life, chiefly preserved for us by St. John. If there are no remains of the ancient buildings to guide us in reconstructing these, it is an advantage, on the other hand, that there are no traditional sites pointed out, except those connected with the Mahommedan fairy-tales of which Solomon is the hero.

### III.

#### BETHLEHEM — BETHANY — JERICO.

IF it could be cast up to Bethlehem in ancient days that she was little among the thousands of Judah, there could at least have been few of the rival cities that had a prettier or pleasanter site. There is something peculiarly attractive in the first view of the little white town, nestling into a nook of the hills, with the great basilica of the Nativity standing out at one end, the mother-building of the city, in a proud supremacy unchallenged by mosque or synagogue; for the people of Bethlehem, with few exceptions, are Christians. The scene is full of memories, too; the fields in the valley below us are those where Ruth gleaned after the reapers, and David watched his father's sheep. There, too, those other shepherds watched many centuries later who saw the heavenly host singing glory to God in the highest; and over the road we have just travelled came those mysterious sages from the far East, whose learning had somehow opened to them the knowledge concealed from all

other men but the handful of rough peasants who knelt with them by the side of the cradle. The town indeed is of little interest, but there is a cheery, kindly air about the people who crowd round the carriage with smiles of welcome—and perhaps, also, of anticipated profit, for few visitors leave Bethlehem without expending ruinous sums on the wonderful mother-of-pearl work for which the place is famous. But of this we cannot yet think, before our pilgrimage is accomplished.

We have some apprehensions, as we enter the stately Greek church, that here, too, we shall find an excessive wealth of ecclesiastical ornament concealing from us what we want to see; but it is not of this that we shall have to complain. The Grotto of the Nativity is at least recognizable in form for what it must have been when the holy family were sheltered here, and the ornamentation is in good taste. The traditional site of the Nativity is marked by a single silver star, above which hang the lamps placed there in pious emulation by the various Christian sects. Happy would it be if their rivalry could stop there, so that the devout pilgrim might be spared the sore sight of the Turkish sentinel posted over against that sacred spot. It is impossible to imagine a keener satire on Christian doctrine and Christian practice than is afforded by the spectacle of an infidel soldier standing on guard before the cradle of the Prince of Peace to prevent his disciples from flying at each other's throats. The sentry is stationed here by the Turkish authorities—with two or three comrades within call, sitting on the steps leading to the choir of the Greek church above—not as an insult to Christian sentiment, as one is tempted to imagine at first, but as a *bond-fide* precaution, the necessity of which has been shown. It is not so very long since, we are told, the Greek and Latin priests came actually to blows in the church, and the dormant ill-feeling, which always remains between the sects, is unfortunately excited afresh by any occasion of special religious enthusiasm. One wonders rather that this fanatic spirit is never directed against the Mahommedans, the natural object of enmity to both parties alike. The idea does seem to occur to them occasionally. As I stood in the grotto there came in a very wild-looking Arab convert, under the conduct of a venerable Franciscan with an immense grey beard, who, while kneeling and kissing the sacred spots with great veneration, varied his devotions by casting furious glances at

the unconscious sentinel. It would have made a good picture, the old Franciscan in the plain brown gown pointing to one spot after the other, and mingling, apparently, his explanations with seasonable moral lessons, the tall, sinewy, handsome Arab, in his black-and-white striped bur-nouse, listening with all his ears, but glancing back with a kind of tigerish glare in his eyes at the third and least attractive figure of the scene, the coarse, shabby, Turkish soldier with his dirty blue uniform and his heavy, sensual face.

From the Grotto of the Nativity, a narrow passage cut in the solid rock leads to other traditional sites of which the most probably genuine is the cell of St. Jerome, a saint very dear and familiar to us in Italian painting, with his attendant lion and his piles of books, strangely numerous for an anchorite's retreat—perhaps less popular with the students of his life. It was here, perhaps, that he did his greatest work, the translation of the Scriptures into a language understood of the people, a work the use of which has so oddly survived him into ages when the people do not understand it in the least; here, certainly that he spirited away poor Paula and her daughter to live out their lives in futile austerity, thousands of miles from home and kindred. The admixture of these kind of associations with the more sacred traditions makes us, perhaps, less unwilling to return to the upper air which we reach at last, after many windings through the corridors cut in the rock, in the Latin Church of St. Catherine. This is also a sufficiently stately edifice, though somewhat over-decorated, but not to be compared with the magnificent basilica in which the Greek services are celebrated. The Greeks seem to have rather the best of it here, as indeed is generally the case in the Holy Land. The Latins have, indeed, their chapel opening out of the Grotto of the Nativity, but the access to it can only be through these dark, subterranean passages, unless by sufferance of their Greek brethren. So it is that on great festival days the Latin processions have to pass to their chapel across the Greek church, through a passage guarded by a double line of Turkish soldiers with loaded rifles. There is here, perhaps, an excess of precaution, emphasized by official distrust of Christianity, Greek or Latin; though the love that the opposing Churches bear to each other is certainly more after the manner of St. Jerome than in imitation of the founder of the common faith.

As Bethlehem shows us the beginning of the Gospel story, Bethany is connected chiefly with its end. The actual place of the ascension was somewhere near it, but authorities differ greatly as to the exact spot. I remember standing on the gallery of the minaret of the dervishes' monastery on the top of the Mount of Olives, and looking down on a long train of Coptic women crowding into the little chapel which covers the traditional place, while our dragoman pointed out to us a round, green hill covered with stones in the neighborhood of Bethany as the situation selected by the latest explorers. It is all more or less guesswork, of course, though St. Luke's account is clear enough as to the distance from Jerusalem, and the traditional place on the Mount of Olives can hardly be received as possible. There is little to see in Bethany itself either but those eternal traditional sites. Yet there is one of those which is unutterably touching, for which not tradition only, but the words of the Gospel and the evidence of the situation vouch,—that corner of the road at the turn of the hill where our Lord, on his last journey into Jerusalem, first caught sight of the city, and in the midst of the praises and rejoicings which accompanied his last progress, burst forth into that saddest outbreak of divine regret and compassion, "If thou hadst known!" Terribly solemn words, even to read; a lament to be echoed for ages by those whose eyes are opened in a new world to their fearful mistaking. For ourselves, strengthened by preceding centuries of belief, we are inclined, with a consciousness of our feeble insight into what is really good or bad, to thank God that we were not born in the days when the faith of man was tested by so awful a trial.

Our way to Jericho takes us past most of these spots, and between the villages of Bethany and Bethphage, an interesting commencement to a toilsome and monotonous journey. The greater part of it lies through a succession of barren, sun-beaten wadies, the very sight of which gives one an anticipatory sense of weariness. The only relief to the monotony is afforded by meeting with our old friends the Russian pilgrims, trudging sturdily back from a pilgrimage to the Jordan, with bundles of reeds gathered on its banks in their hands. Merely to see them fling themselves down in utter weariness by the Apostles' Fountain, is sufficient to tell one what a real pilgrimage is, with real hardships quietly borne as necessary incidents in such a journey, and a real purpose to

carry them through it all. It is a pleasure to meet these honest, simple Russians, with their plain, genuine devotion. In a few days we shall see them starting off for Jaffa, with their faces turned homewards at last, and that journey they have looked forward to with so many hopes and doubts at least half over; one or two of the luckiest have managed to hire donkeys, but the rest trudge along with an air of perfect contentment and pride in the treasures they are bringing home,—the reeds from the Jordan, the tapers that have been lit with the holy fire, and the long tin cylinders containing the sacred pictures that have been laid upon the Holy Sepulchre. As we meet them now, the quiet patience of their faces rather shames us from grumbling at the road, which is in course of making, and has been so for a considerable time. At the present rate of progression, we calculate that it should be finished towards the close of the twenty-second century, and even then it is doubtful whether it would be safe for a carriage. We come to the end of it at last, however, and after struggling down a long and steep descent we emerge from the wilderness into a pleasant land of grass and water. We have found some relief already from the heat and aridity of the surroundings in the cool murmur of the brook Cherith, many hundred feet below the road we were travelling on; but the sudden plunge into this valley is none the less delightful. A beautiful and rich country truly, and better watered than perhaps any spot I have seen in Palestine, but not a prosperous one; the fields are scantily cultivated, and great tracts of good land are turned to no use whatever. Nor can we blame the natives for the lack of enterprise which fails to utilize the great resources of their country. With a jealous, exacting government on the one side, and lawless tribes of predatory Bedouins on the other, the native cultivator finds himself in a manner between the devil and the deep sea, and we can hardly require him to expend capital and labor, if neither he nor his can count upon reaping the fruits. But it is a sad sight to see all this rich land going to waste.

Of Jericho itself there is very little to be seen. It is a place whose annals have been very full and troubled, and has undergone many ups and downs of glory and degradation since it was first laid low by Joshua. There is but a handful of rude huts now to mark the place of it, and the only vestiges of its former grandeur are the great stones that once formed part of

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some palace or temple now built into the wall of a miserable Arab hovel. There is much that is interesting in the neighborhood for those who have time, and strength, and health to endure a stay in that furnace of a valley. We have only time to disagree with all opinions of the landscape that we ever met with, to admire the beautiful deep blue of the much maligned Dead Sea, — so strangely described as dismal and gloomy, — and to grumble at the turbid yellow waters of the Jordan, and the illusion of shade offered by the scanty foliage of the tamarisk-trees on its banks; and so turn our faces towards Jerusalem again, to greet the sight of the Holy City this time with a genuine joy at the end of the long, wearisome journey.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
"DISTINCTION."

I HAVE been taken to task at great length and with great severity by the *Spectator* for having identified the "elect" with the "select;" and the *Guardian* has charged me, in terms not less profuse and energetic, with entertaining "flunkey" notions, not only of this life, but of the next. The *Spectator*, furthermore, denounces me as a person of singularly "savage" and "scornful" disposition. Now, as these are moral rather than literary censures, and as any one may, if he likes, consider that he is under obligation to defend his character publicly when it has been publicly impugned, I desire to say a few words in explanation of expressions and sentiments which I think that my judges have misinterpreted.

I confess frankly to a general preference for persons of "distinction," and even to believing that they are likely to have a better time of it hereafter than the undistinguished, but I humbly and sincerely protest to my monitors that I do not, as they assume, identify "distinction" with wealth, culture, and modern conservative politics, though I do hold that in the absence of culture "distinction" rarely becomes apparent, just as, in the absence of polish, the tints and veins of a fine wood or marble, though they may be there, are little evident. In this world, at least, "de non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio."

If we could see the soul of every man — as, indeed, we can, more or less, in his face, which is never much like the face of any other — we should see that every one

is in some degree "distinguished." He is born "unique," and does not make himself so, though, by fidelity to himself and by walking steadily and persistently on his own line, his distinction can be indefinitely increased, as it can be indefinitely diminished by the contrary process, until he may end in extinction; for, interiorly, man lives by contrast and harmonious opposition to others, and the communion of men upon earth as of saints in heaven abhors identity more than nature does a vacuum. Nothing so shocks and repels the living soul as a row of exactly similar things, whether it consists of modern houses or of modern people, and nothing so delights and edifies as "distinction."

It was said of a celebrated female saint that she did nothing but what was done by everybody else, but that she did all things as no one else did them. In manners and art, as in life, it signifies far less *what* is done or said than *how* it is done and said; for the unique personality, the alone truly interesting and excellent thing, the "distinction," comes out in the latter only.

I am old enough, and have been lucky enough — no doubt, through favor rather than through the manifestation of any distinction of my own — to have been occasionally present at small private gatherings of eminent statesmen and literary men, in times when such eminence usually savored of distinction; and I confess that I have had few experiences which so helped me to understand how pleasant a thing life might become under supernaturally favorable circumstances.

My friendly monitors of the *Guardian* and *Spectator* may, perhaps, discover further confirmation, in these words, of their impression that I am at once a "flunkey" and a "savage," and my confession may recall to their minds that other savage to whom the missionary sought in vain to convey any idea of Heaven until he compared it with a perpetual feast of buffalo-beef well masticated by a squaw. Well, difference, though it may not amount to distinction, is better than dull uniformity; and I will go on my own way without nourishing ill-will towards my critics, and, I hope, without provoking it in them. There is so little distinction now, that I will not quarrel with anybody for not understanding me when I praise it. In English letters, for example, now that Matthew Arnold and William Barnes are gone, and Dr. Newman is silent, and Lord Tennyson's fascinating genius is taking a well-earned repose, distinction has nearly

vanished. The few writers who have now a touch of it have been before the world for a quarter of a century or more.

The verse of Mr. William Morris, always masterly, is sometimes really distinguished, as in the prelude and some of the lyrics of "Love is Enough." The distinction, too, of Mr. Swinburne's writing is occasionally unquestionable; but he allows himself to be troubled about many things, and would, I fancy, write more poetically, if less forcibly, were his patriotism not so feverish and his horror of the errors and wickedness of Popery more abstract, disinterested, and impersonal. He is wanting, I venture to think, in what Catholic moralists call "holy indifference." Distinction is also manifest in the prose of Mr. George Meredith when the cleverness is not too overwhelming to allow us to think of anything else; but, when the nose of epigram after epigram has no sooner reached the visual nerve than the tail has whisked away from it, so that we have had no time to take in the body, our wonder and bedazement make it sometimes impossible for us to distinguish the distinction, if it be there.

Democracy hates distinction, though it has a humble and pathetic regard for eminence and rank; and eminence and rank, by the way, never paid a more charming and delicate compliment to democracy than when Lord Rosebery affirmed that the test of true literature, and its only justifiable *imprimatur*, is "the thumb-mark of the artisan."

The ten or so superior and inexhaustibly fertile periodical writers who (with three or four fairly good novelists) now represent English literature, and are the arbiters and, for the most part, the monopolists of fame, share the dislike of their *clientèle* to "distinction," suppressing it, when it ventures to appear, with a "conspiracy of silence" more effective than the guillotine, while they exalt the merit which they delight to honor by voices more overwhelming than the *plébiscite*. Witness the fate of William Barnes, who, though far from being the deepest or most powerful, was by far the most uniformly "distinguished" poet of our time. Mr. G. S. Venables said, perhaps, no more than the truth when he declared, as he did in my hearing, that there had been no poet of such peculiar perfection since Horace. Mr. F. T. Palgrave has also done him generous and courageous justice. But what effect have these voices had against the solid silence of non-recognition by our actual arbiters of fame? He is never

named in the authentic schedules of modern English poets. I do not suppose that any one nearer to a countess than his friend Mrs. Norton ever asked him to dinner, and there was not so much as an enthusiastic dean to decree (upon his own respectable responsibility) the national honor of burial in Westminster Abbey to the poor classic. On the other hand, the approving voices of our literary and democratic Council of Ten or so are as tremendously effective as their silence. No such power of rewarding humble excellence ever before existed in the world. Mrs. Lynn Lynton, of her own knowledge, writes thus: "Of a work, lately published, one man alone wrote sixteen reviews. The author was his friend, and in sixteen 'vehicles' he carried the flag of his friend's triumph." To compare good things with bad, this beneficent ventriloquism reminds one of Milton's description of the devil, in the persons of the priests of Baal, as "a liar in four hundred mouths."

I hope that I may further exonerate myself from the charge of a proclivity to "plush"—this, if I remember rightly, was the word used by the *Guardian*—and also from that of a "savage" disrespect for modern enlightenment, as authenticated by "the thumb-mark of the artisan," when I go on to say that, to my mind, there can be no "distinction," in life, art, or manners, worth speaking of, which is not the outcome of singular courage, integrity, and generosity, and, I need scarcely add, of intellectual vigor, which is usually the companion of those qualities habitually exercised. An accomplished distinction, as the sight of it gives the greatest delight to those who have it, or are on the way to the attainment of it, so it is the greatest of terrors to the vulgar, whether of the gutter or in gilded chambers. Their assertion of their sordid selves it rebukes with a silence or a look of benevolent wonder, which they can never forgive, and which they always take for indications of intolerable pride, though it is nothing other than the fitting and inevitable demeanor, under the circumstances, of the "good man, in whose eyes," King David says, "a vile person is despised;" or that recommended by St. Augustine, who tells us that, if a man does not love the living truth of things, you should "let him be as dirt" to you; or by a still higher authority, who directs you to treat such an one as a "sinner and a publican," or, in modern phrase, a "cad." Naturally, the average democrat—who has not yet learned to love the living truth of things

—resents "distinction," and pathetically turns to Lord Rosebery and other such highly certificated judges of what is really excellent for consolation and reassurance; and naturally the leaders of democracy, in the House of Commons, or in the newspapers and magazines, are as jealous of distinction as the Roman democrats were of the man who presumed to roof his house with a pediment—which, perhaps, reminded them too disagreeably of a Temple.

The finest use of intercourse, whether personal or through books, with the minds of others is not so much to acquire their thoughts, feelings and characters as to corroborate our own, by compelling these to "take aspect," and to derive fresh consciousness, form, and power to our proper and peculiar selves. Such intercourse not only brings latent "distinction" into life, but it increases it more and more; a beautiful and beloved opposition acting as the scientific toy called the "electric doubler," by which the opposite forces in the two juxtaposed discs may be accumulated almost without limit, and splendid coruscations of contrasting life evoked, where there apparently was mere inertness before. The best use of the supremely useful intercourse of man and woman is not the begetting of children, but the increase of contrasted personal consciousness.

All attraction and life are due to magnetic opposition, and a great individuality, appearing in any company, acts as a thunder-cloud, which brightens the circumjacent air by alluring to or repelling from itself all the dusty and inert particles which float so thickly in the air of ordinary companies. The Catholic Church, whose *forte*, I think, is psychological insight, is peculiarly sensible in this, that, instead of encouraging uniformity of thought and feeling, as all other churches do, she does her best, in the direction of souls, to develop as wide a distinction as is consistent with formal assent to her singularly few articles of obligatory faith. She requires consent to the letter of the doctrine, but welcomes as many and seemingly conflicting ways of viewing it as there are idiosyncrasies of character in men, recommending each not to force his inclination, but to seek such good in the doctrine as best suits him. Thus does she encourage the immense diversity with which the final vision of truth shall be reflected in prismatic glories from the "Communion of the Saints."

In the world, as I have said, distinction can scarcely be manifested without a cer-

tain amount of culture, especially that part of the culture which consists in simplicity, modesty, and veracity. But culture in the democracy is usually deficient in these characteristics, and is also wanting in that purity of manner and phraseology without which delicate distinction of nature are, more or less, indecipherable. Plain speaking—sometimes very unpleasantly plain speaking—may be consistent with distinction; but, until Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. Gladstone, for example, learn to leave off calling Tory spades sanguinary shovels, their eminent personalities must lack one fundamental condition of true self-manifestation. Persons who habitually express themselves so loosely must rest content, in this world, with something short of true distinction, though when they shall have attained to the Communion of Saints it may become unexpectedly conspicuous in them. So in art. In poetry, for instance, good and simple manners and language are not distinction, but distinction nowhere appears without them. The ordinary laws of language must be observed, or those small inflections of customary phrase, that "continual slight novelty," which is, as Aristotle, I think, says, the essential character of poetic language, and which is so because it is the true and natural expression of individuality, will be wanting. Even the genius and ardor of Dr. Furnivall must fail to disinter the soft pearl of distinction from the heaped potsherds and broken brickbats of a violent and self-imposed originality of diction, however great the natural and acquired faculties of the poet may be; yes, even though such faculties be far greater than those of others who may have added to their generally inferior abilities the art of "expressing *themselves*." Self must, however, be eliminated from a man's consciousness before the "how," which is the first essential in art, can make itself heard above the voice of the comparatively insignificant "what." To many persons this setting of the manner before the matter must appear almost immoral. Shall the virtues of eagerness and earnestness in pursuit of one's own true good and that of mankind be put after such a trifle as the mode of professing them? The truth, however, is that such eagerness and earnestness are not virtues, but rather proofs that virtue is not yet attained, just as the desire for praise is a proof that praise is not fully deserved. Repose "marks the manners of the great," for it is the expression of a degree of attainment which

makes all further attainment that is desired easy, sure, and unexciting, and of a modesty which refuses to regard self as the "hub of the universe," without which it cannot revolve, or indeed as in any way necessary to its existence and well-being, however much it may concern a man's own well-being that he should take his share, to the best of his abilities, in doing the good which will otherwise be done without him. The worst hindrance to distinction in nearly all the poetry of our generation is the warm interest and responsibility which the poets have felt in the improvement of mankind; as if,—

Whether a man serve God or his own whim,  
Much matters, in the end to any one but him!

But, to recur again from art to life, the virtuous democrat is always a little Atlas who goes stumbling along with his eyeballs bursting from his head under his self-assumed burthen. Another obstacle to his distinction is his abhorrence of irrationality of all sorts. He dreams of no beauty or excellence beyond the colossal rationality of a Washington or a Franklin; whereas distinction has its root in the irrational. The more lofty, living, and spiritual the intellect and character become, the more is the need perceived for the sap of life which can only be sucked from the inscrutable and, to the wholly rational mind, repulsive ultimates of nature and instinct. The ideal nation of rational democrats, so far from exemplifying the glory of distinctions, would find its similitude in a great library consisting entirely of duplicates, digests, and popular epitomes of the works of John Stuart Mill.

I confess, therefore, to a joyful satisfaction in my conviction that a real democracy, such as ours, in which the voice of every untaught ninny or petty knave is as potential as that of the wisest and most cultivated, is so contrary to nature and order that it is necessarily self-destructive. In America there are already signs of the rise of an aristocracy which promises to be more exclusive, and may, in the end, make itself more predominant than any of the aristocracies of Europe; and our own democracy, being entirely without bridle, can scarcely fail to come to an early, and probably a violent end. There are, however, uses for all things, and those who love justice enough not to care much should disaster to themselves be involved in its execution will look, not without complacency, on the formal and final ruin of superiorities which have not had sufficient care for their honor and their rights

to induce them to make even a sincere parliamentary stand for their maintenance. "Superiorities," when they have reached this stage of decay, are only fit to nourish the fields of future civilization, as ancient civilizations, gone to rot, have so richly nourished ours; and when democracy shall have done its temporary work of reducing them to available "mixin," democracy, too, will disappear, and—after how many "dark ages" of mere anarchy and war and petty, fluctuating tyrannies, who can tell?—there will come another period of ordered life and another harvest of "distinguished" men.

In the mean time "genius" and "distinction" will become more and more identified with loudness; floods of vehement verbiage, without any sincere conviction, or indications of the character capable of arriving at one; inhuman humanitarianism; profanity, the poisoner of the roots of life; tolerance and even open profession and adoption of ideas which Rochester and Little would have been ashamed even remotely to suggest; praise of any view of morals, provided it be an unprecedented one; faith in any foolish doctrine that sufficiently disclaims authority.

That such a writer as Walt Whitman should have attained to be thought a distinguished poet by many persons generally believed to have themselves claims to distinction surely more than justifies my forecast of what is coming. That amazing consummation is already come.

Being well satisfied that the world can get on in this, its destined course, without my help, I should not have broken my customary habit, in order to trouble it and myself with the expression of my views of "distinction" and its condition, culture, had it not been for the moral obligation, under which, as I have said, any one may, if he likes, consider himself, to write an *apologia pro moribus suis*, when these have been publicly attacked. I do not trouble the public often, and have never done so about myself. I take silent and real comfort in the fatalism which teaches me to believe that, if, in spite of my best endeavors, I cannot write poetry, it is because poetry is not the thing which is wanted from me, and that, when wanted, it will come from somebody else. But to be stigmatized as a "flunkey" and a "savage," by writers eminent for gentleness and orthodox manners, is a different thing. Flunkeyism and savagery, though, as times go, they should be considered as vices condoned by custom, yet *are* vices;

and for this and no other reason have I thought it right to explain the views, feelings, and expressions upon the misconception of which these charges have been founded.

But I have also to complain that there has been a certain amount of carelessness on the part of my accusers. I do think that when the *Guardian* charges me with the sin of having said nothing in the "Angel in the House," about the "poor," the writer should have remembered the one famous line I have ever succeeded in writing, namely, that in which Mrs. Vaughan is represented as conveying

A gift of wine to Widow Neale.

I put it in on purpose to show that my thoughts were *not* wholly occupied with cultivated people, though I knew quite well when I did so that it must evoke from the Olympians—as a candid friend, who has access to the sacred hill, assures me has been the case—thunders of inextinguishable laughter. Again, I am surprised and grieved that a journal, which so well represents and protects an establishment in which primitive graces and doctrines have, of late, been revived in so gratifying a manner, should have accused me of carrying my flunkey notions into a future state, with no other proof alleged than my affirmation of the doctrine of the intercession of saints, when I say that sinners, through them, approach divinity,—

with a reward and grace  
Unguess'd by the unwash'd boor who hails  
Him to his face.

Was it just to assume that by the "unwash'd boor" I meant only the artisan who had not put aside, for the Sunday, the materials with which he is accustomed to affix his *imprimatur* to sound literature?

Again, I must say that the writer in the *Spectator*—whose hand is not easily to be mistaken for any but that of the kindest and most conscientious of editors—should not have denounced me as a person of eminently savage disposition, when he must, I think, have remembered that, the very last time I saw him, I protested to him how completely my feelings were in unison with the mild amenity of Dr. Newman, adding, by way of confirmation, from a poem of my own:—

O that I were so gentle and so sweet,  
So I might deal fair Sion's foolish foes  
Such blows!

He also neglects, I think, to put a fair interpretation upon what he calls my

"hatred" and "scorn" of the people. Sir Thomas Browne, in a time when the people were much less disagreeable than they are become in this the day of their predominance, declared that they constituted the only entity which he could say with truth that he sincerely hated. Now Sir Thomas Browne was, as we know from his own assurance, among the sweetest-tempered and least savage of men—as, indeed, I believe that I myself am. Neither Sir Thomas nor I ever meant the least unkindness or affront to any individual. I have examined my conscience carefully, and I find myself in a state of universal charity. I condemn no one to perdition; I am willing to believe that, were we admitted to the secret recesses of their souls, we might discover some apprehension of the living truth of things in Mr. Gladstone, some conscience in Lord Rosebery of the limits which should be put to party complaisance, some candor in the editor of *Truth*; and I am so far from "hating" these or any, in a wicked sense, that, though I cannot love them with the "love of complacency"—as I believe the schoolmen call it, in distinction to the "love of benevolence"—I love them so much with the latter kind of love that I desire heartily the very best that could happen for them, which would be that, for a moment, they should see themselves as they truly are. I cannot help adding—though I think the *tu quoque* rather vulgar—that, when this really excellent politician and critic said that I confounded the select with the elect, he himself was more or less confounding the elect with the electors.

Finally, had I really been a "flunkey"—I cannot get the sting of that word out of me—had I departed from my Darby and Joan notions to please the dainty with descriptions of abnormal forms of affection; had I sought to conciliate the philosophic by insisting that no son can reasonably regard the chastity of his mother as other than an open question; had I endeavored to allure laughter by such easy combinations of profanity and *patois* as have won for so many a reputation for being vastly humorous; had I, in compliment to abstainers from what is strong, diluted my modicum of spirit with ten times its bulk of the pure element; had I paid even proper attention to the arbiters of fame, how much "earthlier happy" might I now have been! As it is, whether my thoughts are "pinnacled dim in the intense inane" of "The Unknown Eros," or I proffer, in the "Angel in the House,"



"a gift of wine to Widow Neale," the Council of Ten or so are alike unsympathetic; in my declining years I have scarcely a countess on whom I can rely for a dinner; when I die there will be no discerning dean to bury me, upon his own responsibility, in Westminster Abbey; and on my obscure tombstone some virtuous and thoughtful democrat may very likely scribble, "Here lies the last of the Savages and Flunkeys," notwithstanding all I have now said to prove that I am an unpretentious and sweet-tempered old gentleman, who is harmlessly and respectfully preparing for a future state, in which he trusts that there will be neither tomahawk nor "plush." COVENTRY PATMORE.

From The Spectator.

#### MR. PATMORE ON DISTINCTION.

MR. COVENTRY PATMORE, in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, discourses upon the quality of "Distinction," and by way of defending himself for appreciating it, for which, in our opinion, he needs no defence, since we heartily agree with him in his admiration of it, he accuses us of having charged him with displaying "a singularly 'savage' and 'scornful' disposition." He refers to our review of "The Unknown Eros," in our number of April 12th. With some surprise, we turned to the article and carefully re-read it, but found no charge of the kind. We did, indeed, say that in the powerful attacks which Mr. Patmore there directs against the modern spirit, the English time-spirit of to-day, there is a good deal of harsh and scornful invective, and we quoted passages, the number of which might be considerably increased, in proof of that assertion. But we contrasted those severe invectives with the bland and gentle spirit of his earlier poetry, and only used them to show that Mr. Patmore has presented another side of his mind to the world in his latest volume; and we neither suggested nor, indeed, imagined that that side of his mind represents his own personality any more truly than the side of his mind which was more fully reflected in his earlier works. It would have been a gross impertinence, and an impertinence of which we were certainly not guilty, to deduce any inference as to Mr. Patmore's personal character, from the qualities exhibited in a few passages of a few poems. and, indeed, it would have been a kind of inference which we should have thought

foolish and mistaken, as well as impertinent. But when a man speaks of the general multitude as "Gergesenian swine," denounces the aristocracy for giving away their power to "the sordid trader," and "the sordid trader" for sharing it with the "mechanic vain," speaks of the political demonstrations of the day as "the orgies of the multitude," and so forth, we think we may fairly impute to the poems containing these forcible and effective expressions that they are scornful and bitter; and that scorn and bitterness, in relation to the particular policy denounced, were the very qualities which Mr. Patmore availed himself of his rich poetical imagination and vocabulary to embody. Not only did we *not* describe him as a man of singularly savage and scornful disposition, but we never even in thought attributed to him such a disposition, and we were careful to quote even from this very volume a passage of an exactly opposite tendency, entitled "Let be," showing how wise and large a charity had sometimes, even in this volume, animated his poetry. As for the word "savage," the only place in which it is used in the article is in a sentence in which we find fault with him for calling his own heart "my adulterate heart," and that merely because it dallied with pleasure. "Surely," we wrote, "the expression, 'my adulterate heart,' is far too savage by way of taking revenge on it for dallying with 'Pleasure thy pale enemy.'" To accuse a man of once using a too savage expression, and that in inveighing against himself, is surely not to accuse him of being savage, much less of being "a savage," a charge against us as highly imaginative as the most imaginative element in Mr. Patmore's poetry. We *did* accuse Mr. Patmore of fierce partisanship in some of his scornful attacks upon democracy, but we never accused him of ferocity as a general characteristic, and never thought of making so absurd an accusation. One might as well accuse a man-eating tiger of unnatural gentleness on the strength of his having been known, on two or three exceptional occasions, to spare his victim. Mr. Patmore's style has all the distinction he himself so much admires; but he sees criticisms upon his own poems through a magnifying glass which transforms every fault into a crime, and every expressed divergence of taste into an expression of something like disgust.

The more important question remains as to the significance and worth of what Mr. Patmore calls "distinction." He

avows his liking for distinction, and his unwillingness to give up to the undistinguished the leadership in matters literary, artistic, or even political; and in this we heartily agree with him. But when he comes to define distinction, he is not, we think, quite so successful as he is in his praise of it. He makes it to consist in distinctness from others; yet not only is distinctness from others not in itself distinction, but distinctness from others may often be the very opposite of distinction, indeed, a kind, and a very unpleasant kind, of vulgarity. There is no true distinction without a rare simplicity, an ease, a naturalness, a reality, an indifference to mere appearance, which always marks the bearing of those who are not coveting the good opinion of others, but in whom genuine courtesy is mingled with genuine self-confidence. Even great power and commanding genius may show themselves in a kind of distinctness from others that wholly lacks the quality of distinction. Take, for instance, the practical genius of Cromwell, of Peter the Great, or Napoleon. All these were men of distinguished genius, the last of them of high and unique genius; but not one of them had what we should call the hall-mark of distinction on his outward life. Peter the Great was a boor; Cromwell was more or less bourgeois, with all his grandeur of nature; Napoleon was naturally vulgar, though his vulgarity was almost forgotten in the piercing glance by which he discriminated the right means by which his vulgar ends could best be served. Or take again literary style, what style could be more distinct and replete with genius than that of Tacitus, or that of Jean Paul Richter, or that of Carlyle? Yet we should not rank any one of these styles as marked by that "distinction" which requires for its first note, the highest simplicity; we should not attribute to any one of them the "distinction" which we find in Virgil, or in the most luminous efforts of Goethe, or in Ruskin, or in the highest of all English styles, that of John Henry Newman. Distinction, far from consisting in mere distinctness, is positively inconsistent with distinctness that exaggerates difference for the sake of difference. Brusqueness, for instance, is hardly consistent with true distinction; certainly conscious eccentricity is not. True distinction is as careful not to inflict superfluous jars on others as true politeness. The slightest trace of ostentation is wholly repugnant to true distinction. There is "distinction" in Gibbon's learning, but not in the

roll and splendor of his diction, in which there is more than a trace of pomposity; and nothing can be further removed from true distinction than pomp. There is distinction in Macaulay's imagination, but not in his elaborate antithesis, in which the reader feels that there is something artificial; and the least trace of artificiality is repugnant to true distinction. There is distinction in Pope's highest wit, but not in his excess of incisiveness, where you see a laborious and self-conscious desire to excite admiration and to keep attention on the stretch, that is altogether at variance with the simplicity and modesty of true distinction. There is true distinction, high distinction, in Matthew Arnold's elegies; but in his prose there is for the most part a pride of independence, a high-steppingness, an arch implication of conscious superiority, which takes off one's admiration from the matter and fixes it too much upon the manner of the phraseology. For true distinction we require not merely distinctness, but unassuming distinctness, distinctness which is as modest as it is marked; in fact, distinctness which is as unlike the peacock's flaunting self-admiration as the note of the lark is unlike the shake of an operatic prima donna. All true distinction avoids unnecessary distinctness, any kind of distinctness which, instead of paying deference to human nature and the common forms of society, tries to display its superiority to the average man. Distinction shows itself without making a splash, without calling attention to itself, without self-consciousness. There is a deference for the feelings of others in all true distinction which avoids the friction of anything like elaborate display. But by saying this, of course, we do not mean that when a strong thing has to be said, it should be said weakly or without the adequate force, but only that no superfluity of force should be spent, as an unskilled or a vain man will spend it, in drawing attention not to the thing to be said, but to the manner of the person saying it. Mr. Patmore, in his remarks on distinction, perhaps a little ignores this. We do not at all agree with him that "in manners and art, as in life, it signifies far less *what* is done or said than *how* it is done and said; for the unique personality, the alone truly interesting and excellent thing, the 'distinction' comes out in the latter only." On the contrary, the "what" is of quite first-rate importance; only you cannot either say or do the right thing substantially without reference to the manner in

which it is said or done. It matters infinitely, for instance, whether you fight for your life or prefer to die. But if it is right to fight for your life, you do not fight for it as you should, unless you fight bravely, coolly, without any violent passion. And if it is right to die, you do not die as you should, unless you die bravely, coolly, without any craven fear. True distinction is shown as much in the right choice of the matter to be done as in the right manner of doing it. Charles II. is said to have apologized to his courtiers for keeping them so long in dying. The manner showed distinction, but the matter showed no distinction. The poor king's mind was not fixed on the reality of the change through which he was passing. He was only thinking of how to pass through it as gracefully as possible in the view of those who were standing round his bed. There could not have been less spiritual distinction than he displayed. But if death be looked at merely as a social ceremony, in which the chief object is to be courteous to the human figures present, the king succeeded. Unfortunately, that was just the point in which success was of little or no importance. There was no true distinction in Charles's death, because he did not realize what death was. There was distinction only in his display of considerateness to his attendants. But that was just the wrong direction in which to show distinction, and true distinction implies reality of aim as well as the right choice of the manner in which to embody your aim.

From The Spectator.

#### THE LADY WRANGLER.

THE real senior wrangler this year is a lady, Miss Philippa Fawcett, the daughter of the late postmaster-general, who was himself seventh wrangler thirty-four years ago, in 1856, two years before the accident that robbed him of his sight. And she has not only won the blue-ribbon of the university against all her male competitors, but she has done so, if the report of a friend in the *Pall Mall* is to be trusted, without over-work, without over-excitement, and without studying either very late or very early. Miss Clough, the principal of Newnham, is said to have improved the occasion by saying at the dinner on Saturday evening: "I am sure it is a great lesson to you — to go to bed early." Miss Fawcett is said to have gone to bed regularly at eleven and risen at eight, and to have written all her papers with the greatest circumspection and precision — slowly rather than fast. The most

gratifying thing to us in her friend's account of her is the fact that on the morning of the day when the result of the examination was to be proclaimed, "she did indeed wake early with excitement and confessed to reading 'Mansfield Park' in bed in order to occupy and calm her mind." So Miss Fawcett is an Austenite, which shows that she has a fine sense of humor. Moreover, the selection the lady made for the purpose of "calming her mind" was a judicious one, "Mansfield Park" being certainly the heaviest of Miss Austen's novels, bright and humorous as it is.

It must be pleasant to Miss Philippa Fawcett to know that while winning a name for herself and the possibility of a career, she has delighted all the women in the kingdom cultivated enough to understand her triumph. She has gratified to the full a jealousy of sex which has, we suspect, helped for many years past to stimulate English women to intellectual exertion. That jealousy has probably been felt by able women in all ages and all countries, by the great Roman lady as by the Indian Begum or Ranee; but of late, and in England, circumstances have developed it into something like a passion. Most feats of our day being civil feats, and most successes achieved by intellectual capacity, able women have felt that they could do or could achieve them all if they had only a fair chance, and have waxed wroth in their hearts, sometimes, indeed, also with their tongues, because able men did not, as they thought, willingly acknowledge their mental equality with themselves. They wanted to prove it, not only by production, which in some fields of literature they had already done, but by some directly competitive test, the genuineness of which no educated man, however cynical as to their claims, would have the hardihood to deny. They were not contented with George Eliot or Mrs. Browning, for these women possessed genius, and genius proves nothing, that wind blowing where it listeth; but they were grateful to Miss Prideaux for winning that broad gold medal so seldom granted even to male anatomists; more grateful to Miss Agneta Ramsay for beating all the men of her year in classical attainment; most grateful to Miss Fawcett for coming out in the mathematical tripos well in advance of the senior wrangler. It was in the study of exact science that impudent men said that women were sure to fail, and to triumph in mathematics over the whole academic world was indeed sweet, — so sweet, so contenting, so productive of mental rest,

that it would not surprise us if female energy showed for a year or two symptoms of falling off. At least, it will be felt, women have been first in the men's special field for intellectual athletics. They have won the chariot race at Olympia, and must be qualified for the reins. It is not an unnatural jealousy, for all caste distinctions are provoking, and to be accounted intellectually inferior through defect of birth—did not some Scotch boy refuse to be "regenerate" because "he mought be born a lassie"?—must be more galling even than to be held socially disqualified for the same reason; nor is it an ignoble one, and the gratification it has now received is, in one way at all events, well founded. Miss Fawcett's success does not prove the full equality of men's and women's intellects any more than did that of Miss Prideaux or Miss Ramsay, for it leaves the question of the power to originate still unsettled; and those who please may still doubt whether a woman will ever produce a great painting, a grand oratorio, or a new discovery like that of the law of gravitation; but it does prove that, in the use of the faculty of intellectual accumulation, women may rival men. That is not all, but that is very much; and that being proved under the test men have themselves selected, women have a clear right to be happy, and even in their happiness just a little triumphant. It is true that a few of the observant never doubted the result; but the conflict was one between entire castes, and the stronger caste did doubt.

Cultivated women, as we have said, may fairly feel the happier for Miss Fawcett's victory, which not only relieves them of an unfair doubt, but with its accompanying incidents may help to assure them that they have immensely exaggerated men's jealousy of their claims. If that jealousy ever existed in the intellectual domain, which we doubt, the real feeling being of a different kind, it has greatly died away. There was some carping criticism when Miss Prideaux, a girl of singularly lofty and even saltny character, won the broad gold medal for unrivalled knowledge of anatomy, because a sexual prejudice, not without justification, and, at all events, as old as civilization, was thereby affronted; but there was not a trace of it, not even in the comic papers, when Miss Ramsay achieved her triumph, and to-day men, even more than women, are congratulating Miss Fawcett. No one able to understand her victory regrets it, unless, indeed, for we must not forget

human nature, it be that unlucky Mr. Bennett, who for the next half century will have to explain at intervals that he was senior wrangler, no doubt, "if that means anything;" but that it was in the year when Miss Philippa Fawcett, aged twenty-two, ought to have been. Nor would there be the smallest regret if a woman to-morrow were recognized as the first poet, or astronomer, or painter, or composer, or mechanic, or chemist of the age. That kind of feeling, which welcomes injury to the world, if only the loss protects a caste superiority, is pretty nearly dead, or, at all events, has among the cultivated retreated out of sight. Handicraftsmen excepted, who are trained by their circumstances to dislike all fresh competition, men have become in all intellectual competitions more fair to women than women are to them, the latter not recognizing quite impartially the monopoly their rivals have hitherto enjoyed of creative power in all departments except the single one of fiction. Men are not, it is true, as yet quite ready, possibly they never will be quite ready, to accept the enormous revolution involved in the claim to the suffrage, not seeing, among other difficulties, how physical force and legal power can be forever divorced without the risk of anarchy. Nor will they ever be willing—women will not be, either—to see the inherent differences of sex disregarded, as some of the "advanced" of both sexes threaten to disregard them; but they are growing just. They will compensate women yet for their long—and, we freely admit, in many cases startlingly unjust—exclusion from the benefit of old endowments, and they have conceded, not only without a struggle but positively without a word of objection, the largest potential transfer of property ever made to any caste or separate corporation. After owning through ages all women's property, men silently surrendered it,—so silently that not one woman in ten is even yet aware that her own gold is her very own, and they did not even take credit to themselves for extra magnanimity. One old gentleman did, it is true, for many years bombard newspaper offices with tracts, showing that Lord Cairns's act, as well as some others, was irreligious and immoral; but, with that exception, the entire male sex acquiesced in what will prove, before a half century has elapsed, an enormous corporate fine. They had no option, of course, from the Christian moralist's point of view, nothing either

in revelation or inherent conscience making it lawful to steal coin when the owner is a woman; but, still, when the prescription of ages is considered, and the difficulty mankind have in being just to their own hurt, the Englishmen of our day have upon this subject been wonderfully fair, and they will be fair, too, as regards intellectual attainments. That is to say, whether they pay fairly for them or not — a different matter in which action is not governed by thought, but by forces nearly automatic — they will fully and ungrudgingly recognize all that women, in the judgment of the wisest of their own sex, can fairly demand.

"You are exaggerating," we hear some angry and, perhaps, slightly acrid objectors saying; the "men are not as fair as you say. They do not by choice marry the intellectually gifted. On the contrary, the best *partis* pick out the prettiest women, by preference just now pretty Americans. Marriage is the grand test of men's opinion, and in marriage the most cultivated are not the most successful." The answer to that gibe, which one hears pretty often, and which, though substantially false, has a surface truth in it, is contained in the simple question, "Why should they be?" The laws of nature are not going to be altered in order that men and women may know mathematics or anything else a little better. The desire for beauty is inherent and indestructible, and exists, if Darwin may be trusted, in every sentient thing, if not also in most of the entities to which we usually refuse to ascribe the attribute of sentience. It is not to be killed out by cultivating the brain, though it may be modified, and is being modified with some rapidity. We cannot give instances without invidiousness, and most of our readers can supply them for themselves; but personal attractiveness being equal, the highest intellectual culture stands in no girl's way. We do not believe it ever did, from the days of Aspasia downwards to those of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; but it certainly does not now. What is the very charm of these American girls, who make great ladies so angry, apart from their beauty and their dollars, but a lively quickness of mind and speech,

which are taken — often correctly, often incorrectly — for intelligence, wit, and that last result of culture, detachment? The change that is going on in our social life is all in favor of women of intelligence, and this, we believe, in every rank. It is excessively marked, we are told, by those who know, among the best of the handicraftsmen, and among the higher classes, though evidence is less easy to obtain, it is still perceptible. Beauty ranks first by virtue of laws which no female parliament either will, or can, alter; but, beauty and wealth apart, the stupid girl is getting as heavily weighted in the race as the stupid man, whom the democracy, for reasons that are at all events disinterested, is shutting out of every chance in life, except emigration and hawking fish. Those who fling this argument at our heads should talk to their grandfathers a little, or hunt up a few old memoirs. They will find that in the last century there were, the much smaller range of society being allowed for, ten *mésalliances* for one now; every countryside showing its King Cophetua, and this although the pride of birth was then, of all the emotions bred of convention — if it is so bred — by far the most operative and real. Men are growing ashamed of silliness in their women as they never were before, and proud, too, which is a further step, of their intelligence. Progress in such matters is a result of many causes which do not always co-operate, and we need not expect that in the year 3,000 A.D. all marriages, or one-half of them, will be intelligible; but for all that, no one who looks at society without prejudice will believe that the fools are winning the social game. That, a steadily increasing prejudice in favor of intelligence, even in selecting wives, is all that our present adversaries have any right to demand. If their secret ideal is that the broad forehead shall always be felt instinctively by all men to be more attractive than the curved lips, they must wait, and wait as those that are tireless. They are asking for a new species, and the one demand of all evolutionists when they seek or speak of new species is a good long interval of time.







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